September-October, 1975
November-December, 1975
Vol. I - Edition V/VI

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The TIGHTWIRE is a publication printed every second month, presented by the inmates of the Prison for Women, Kingston, Ontario. We wish to dissolve the barriers of physical imprisonment by sharing our attempts to free ourselves from the mental bondages that engulf us. Our printed words are meant to educate, not alienate you. They are the expressed thoughts, feelings, ideas and attitudes which issue forth from the brains of a writer. These are her sole possessions and wings toward freedom. Therefore, the contents herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the administration. We welcome advice or criticism from you, the reader, and will be happy to print your articles or letters. Materials presented in the TIGHTWIRE may be reprinted providing credit is given to the original author.

Please address all inquiries, correspondence, checks or money orders for subscriptions to:

TIGHTWIRE
Box 515
Kingston, Ontario

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* EDITORIAL COMMITTEE FOR TIGHTWIRE *
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Roswitha Hubbard B.J. Beasley

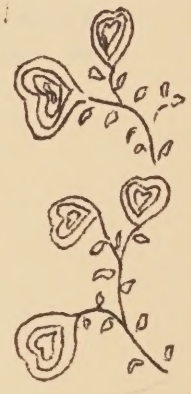
Inmate Committee Representatives
Susan Babiak
Marie Grenier

We of the Editorial Committee wish to again express our thanks to the Native Sisterhood for the use of their printing equipment.

Subscription Rate: Six Issues - $2.00

We, of the Tightwire Editorial Committee, apologize for the four month delay in printing this edition of our magazine. We don't know if the fault lies with the mail strike, the paper strike, or.....

A N Y W A Y

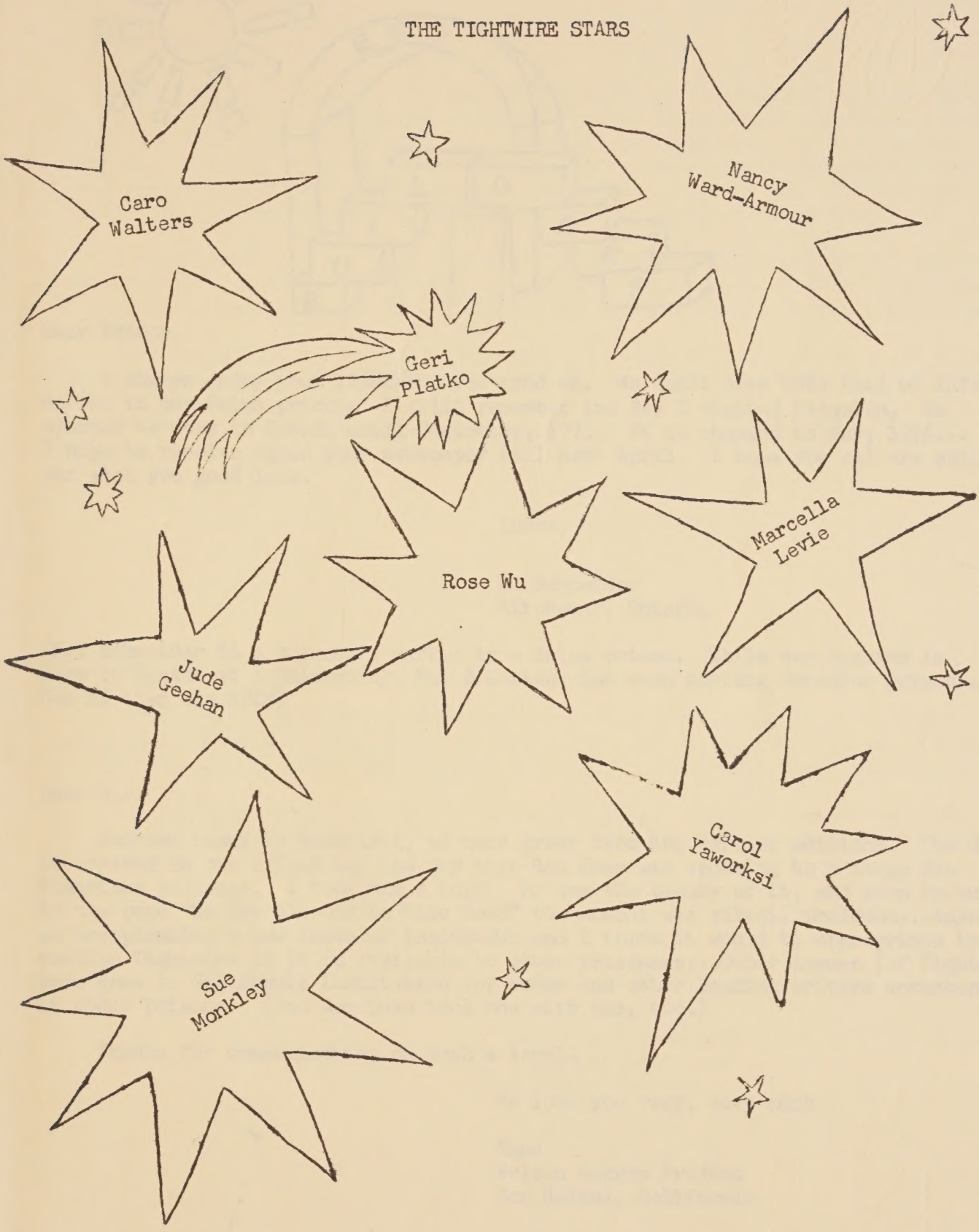


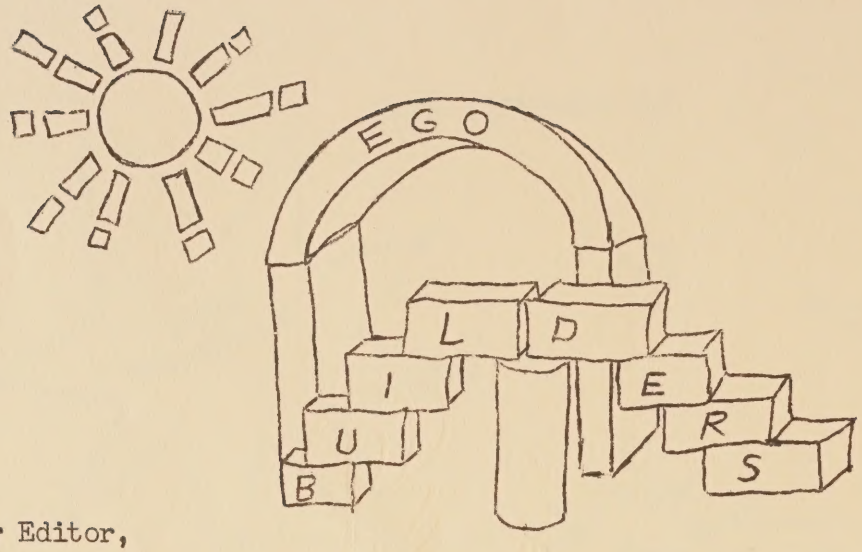
We've combined the two issues of September-October and November-December. The bulk of the November-December issue is a special section of the life and selected works of Rose Wu, a highly gifted artisan.

We hope you enjoy this double issue of

TIGHTWIRE

THE TIGHTWIRE STARS





Dear Editor,

I always enjoy your TIGHTWIRE you send me. We don't have this kind of information in our Swiss prison. I still remember the day I visited Kingston, We planned to stay in Canada until September, 1975. It is changed to May, 1976... I hope to receive again your newspaper till next April. I hope you all are well and wish you good luck.

Yours,

R. Schneider
Kitchener, Ontario

(Ms. Schneider is a voluntary worker in a Swiss prison. While her husband is here in Canada at a University, Ms. Schneider has been touring Canadian prisons. One of them was KP4W)

Dear B.J.

The new issue is beautiful, so much grown from the earlier editions. The day it arrived in our office was the day that Ram Dass was speaking to a large San Francisco audience. I took him a copy. He saw the beauty of it, and when he turned to the page "We Are All One on This Road" the moment was silent, profound...Anyway we are planning a new issue of Inside-Out and I think it would be appropriate to mention Tightwire if it is available to other prisoners...Other issues (of Tightwire) have gone to California Institution for Women and other leading writers workshops in other prisons. (And Ram Dass took one with him, too.)

Thanks for communicating on such a level.

We love you very, very much

Dana
Prison Ashram Project
San Rafael, California

Dear Friends,

I have been in prison in Mexico for two years. I have a sentence confirmed in appeals to six years for international importation of cocaine. Somehow, through the Prison-Ashram Project I received a copy of your magazine, you deserve rave reviews!! I loved it!! It made me feel so warm, and it is by far the magazine which I have most closely and personally been able to relate to. I have some poems I would send to you sometime soon, when I get my papers more organized.

I am sorry to say I cannot afford the subscription rate, but if absolutely necessary perhaps I could scrape it up somehow. Some of the words in your magazine brought tears to my eyes as if I were reading a letter from a deeply close friend.

Please send me your magazine regularly. I will try to find out a way to pay the subscription, but in Mexico and in prison one is always robbed.

Thank you for your consideration and I wish you all peace from within and without,

Catherine
Santa Marta, Mexico

Dear Sisters,

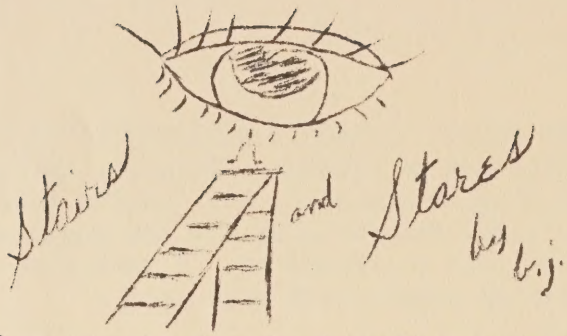
In August, we sent you a sample of our magazine and asked as well if you would be interested in exchanging magazines. We also mentioned that we were planning an issue in 1976 on women in prisons and wondered if we could work together.

Our prison issue comes out in March, 1976 and if any of you writers would like to publish some poetry or an article, we'd be pleased to consider contributions (we pay a small fee).

More importantly, we'd like to come and visit with you, talk about TIGHTWIRE and whatever else you'd like to discuss.

Sincerely yours,

Sherrill C., Co-Editor
Emergency Librarian
Toronto, Ontario



It has come to my attention that the significance of Stairs and Stares is not clear. So, for those of you who were wondering... the "Stairs" symbolize the progress or regress within this building (stairs can go either up or down) and the "Stares" is symbolic of the watchful eye of the inmate.

CONGRATULATIONS

To the E. Fry Write-Your-Life-Story first, second and third prize winners, Terri L $300; Nancy W-A $150 and Caro W $75.

To the talented KP4W dramatists BJ B, Pat C. Jude G., Terri (BamBam) G., Marcella L., Caro W., and Nancy W-A for their successful portrayal of "The Cleaning Woman's Wishes," a series of skits which they wrote themselves. The premiere performance was enacted before the BEST, MOST RECEPTIVE, UNDERSTANDING audience on the planet—the inmates at KP4W on Christmas night. The dramatists expressed their appreciation for the coaching expertise of Chris Cunningham for his Thursday evening drama sessions.

PRISON ARTS

This is to notify all prison artists, of whom there are many, that the entries for the 1976 Seventh Annual Prison Art Competition must be received no later than May 31, 1976. For those of you who need entry forms, please contact the Tightwire.

HUMANITARIAN BEGINNINGS

The Canadian Institute for the Blind has approved the iniating of a Braille course for interested women here at KP4W. There are only an estimated 75 braillists in Canada. These volunteers are used to transcribe novels, texts, catalogs, etc. into braille—tiny upraised dots representing letters of the alphabet. It is hoped that the eight women currently enrolled in the course, when they have received their certification, will provide volunteer service for the local blind. This service would be particularly needed for blind students enrolled in the nearby colleges and universities. This pilot project is a first for Canadian pens.

KP4W THANKS TO...

"Before We Are Six" book publishers for their Christmas generosity in sending booklets for those who were interested, to include in gift parcels that women here sent to their children.

The Queens Drama Department for their performance of the tragedy of two young Irish lovers.

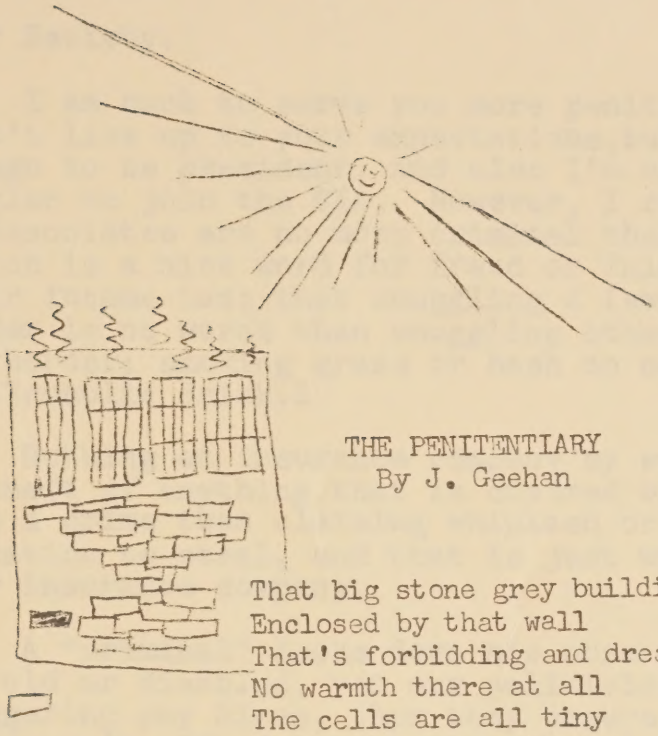
McArthur College and their multitude of 60 or so drama students performing various "Observations in Kingston."

The local E. Fry Society for their annual Christmas Dance with our own Santa Claus (Sandy J) filling in for the traditional E. Fry Santa, Alderman Ken Keyes. The happening provided dancing, music, gifts, and homemade cookies.

The Moncton E. Fry for their yearly Christmas Bingo in which they provided gifts for the bingo winners.

Salvation Army for their traditional Christmas party with carols, cookies, cakes and a chorus of countrified crooning.

The photographer, Pierre Gaudard who photographed the women here in their various positions, places, "professions," and profiles for a book he's preparing on Canadian pens. The surprise was his sending each woman he photographed several prints he had taken of her.

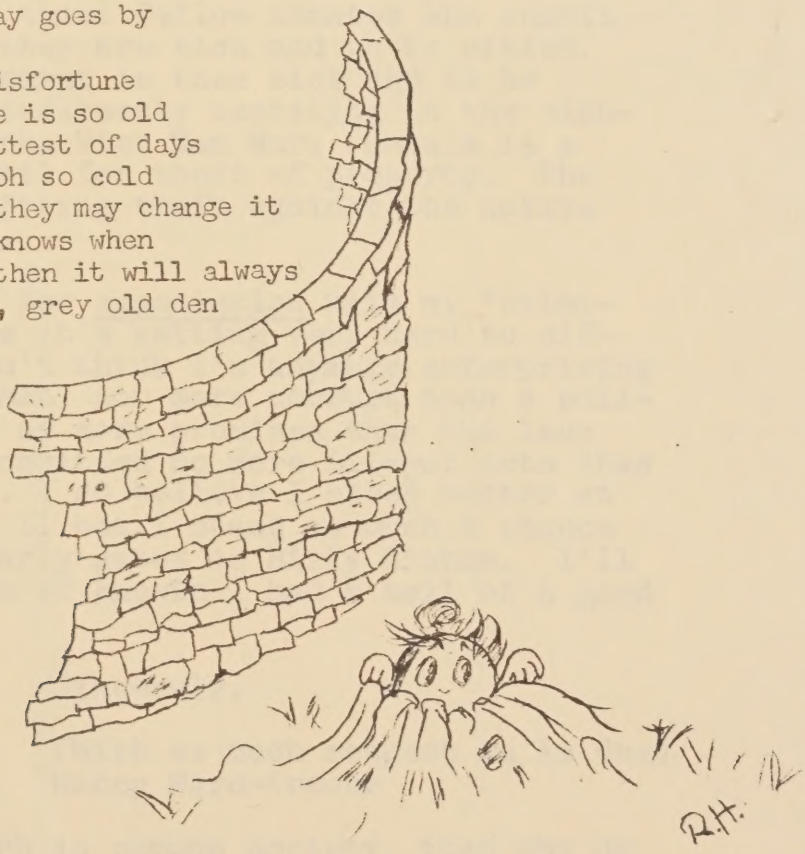


THE PENITENTIARY

By J. Geehan

That big stone grey building
Enclosed by that wall
That's forbidding and dreary
No warmth there at all
The cells are all tiny
The ceilings are high
You stay and you watch
As each day goes by

It is a misfortune
This place is so old
On the hottest of days
It seems oh so cold
Some day they may change it
God only knows when
But till then it will always
Be a cold, grey old den



Dear Society,

I am back to serve you more penitence. I'm sorry I didn't live up to your expectations,but I wasn't corrupt enough to be president, and also I'm not a good enough burglar to join the CIA. However, I realized myself and my associates are no more criminal than those who "cheat" (which is a nice word for fraud or false pretenses) on their income tax; that smuggling a few joints over the border is no worse than smuggling other commodities over the border; smoking grass or hash no more harmful than an alcoholic drink.l

Robbing an insurance company by writing a bad check or theft of anything that is covered by insurance is no more a crime than claiming whiplash or falsifying any situation to steal, and that is just what it is, from your insurance company.

A "criminal" looks down his nose on anyone who robs the old or disabled, yet our politicians vote themselves staggering pay hikes, then they ensure the old and disabled can't afford to eat properly, let alone have a dime to spend on a luxury item. Convicts have been put down for their mistreatment of those fellow inmates who commit crimes against children, they are sick and to be pitied. (I agree, bur,) Our government is then sick and to be pitied for condoning and indirectly assisting in the slaughter of children during the Viet Nam War. Napalm is a nasty weapon. We go to jail for theft of property. The governement has been committing theft against the native Cnadian Indians for years.

Why am I back here? For <u>association</u> with my "criminal friends". But you see it's getting very hard to differentiate anymore. I don't think I'm anymore enterprising than today's big businessman, nor more corrupt than a politician. I failed to keep no more promises than the last government you elected, committed no more illegal acts than the average citizen.. But, I do believe I sleep better at nights. And when I die I'll bet I stand as much a chance of getting through the pearly gates as Billy Graham. I'll also have the satisfaction of knowin I had a hell of a good time on earth.

Sincerely,

(With as much respect as is due)
Nancy Ward-Armour

P.S. Seeing we have so much in common society, then why do I spend my vacations in jail while you spen yours in Florida?
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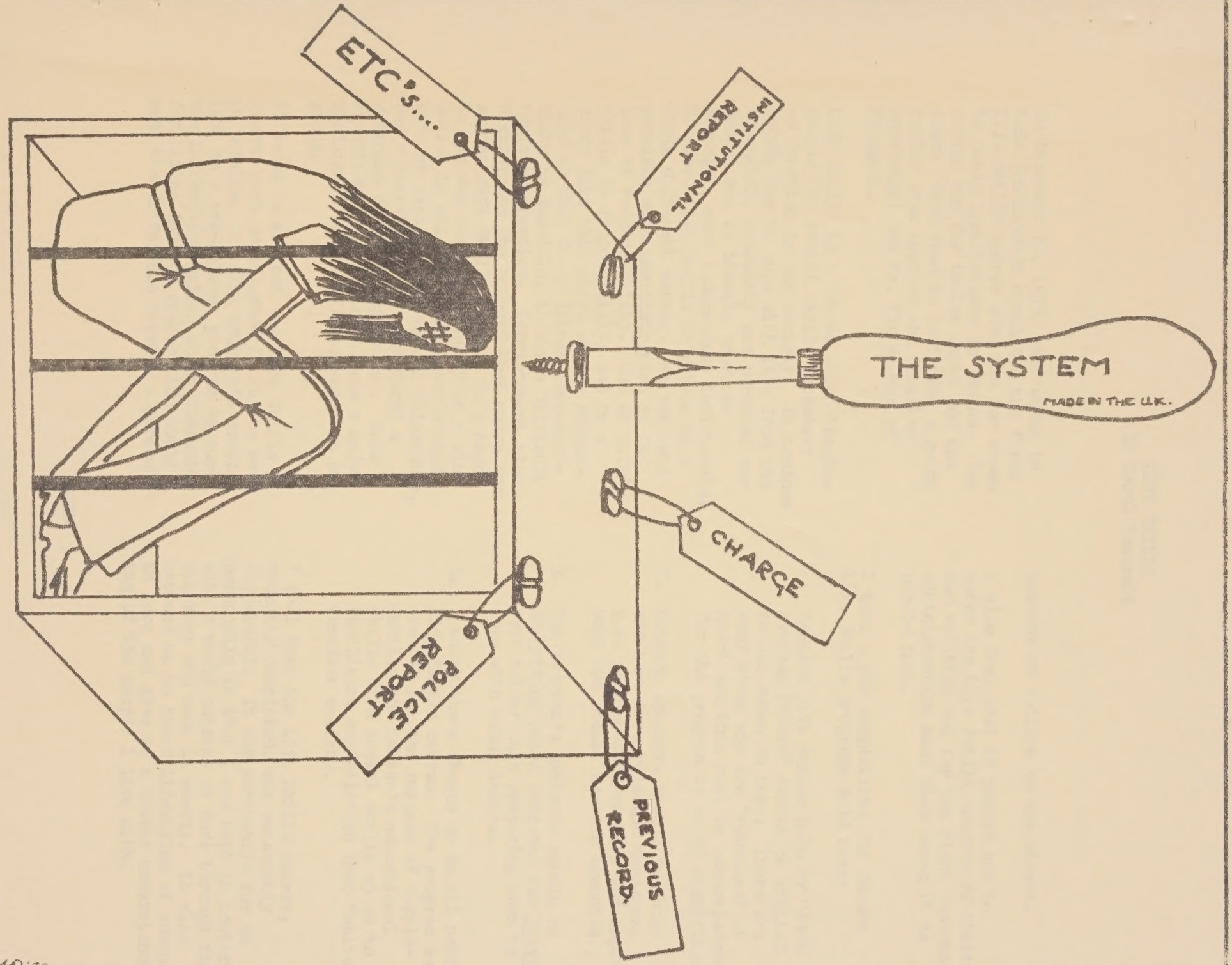

ETC's....
INSTITUTIONAL REPORT
THE SYSTEM
MADE IN THE U.K.
CHARGE
POLICE REPORT
PREVIOUS RECORD
Cano '95

LIFE SKILLS
By Carol Yaworski

On December 12, 1975, nine women in this Institution completed the first Life Skills course ever run for women in penal institutions in Canada. The course ran for twelve weeks and the coach (term used to designate a guide rather than teacher who dictates knowledge) was Ms. Flo Hawkey of Kingston.

Life Skills is a course which teaches people the social skills necessary to function in our society. It teaches people how to cope with life from the financial, community and personal aspects; and it ideally produces stronger, more independent individuals. However, Life Skills in prison is a whole different matter. We ran into problems with administration in the area of responsibility. One of life's skills is responsibility and in a place like this where we are encouraged to take on as little responsibility as possible, it was a difficult trait to practice. Imprisonment also discourages the honesty that makes for a good Life Skills group. It's hard to express complete honesty in a situation in which you are incarcerated because exposure leaves one vulnerable, and vulnerability is considered a weakness by those imprisoned. This situation, in my opinion, was a major hinderance to the effectiveness in our group.

It seems to me that the Life Skills course must be adjusted if its to work in prisons. I think that it's excellent as a pre-release program because the information gained about community facilities and job preparation could make the difference between a person's success or failure on the street.

I also feel that if people are to enter the Life Skills program of their own volition and for the right reasons, administration must stop using it as parole bait.

I have a few suggestions for future Life Skills programs held here:

1. Assumed life values held by "Joan Average Public" cannot be applied to all women in here. There are many women who are "rounders" at heart and this must be acknowledged for the program to be of significance.

2. Outside speakers should be those who have more relevant messages, i.e. parole board members and employees and social service agencies.

3. The program's emphasis should be on getting women prepared for <u>leaving</u> here rather than preparing them to cope with being inside.

4. I think there should be an all native Life Skills course. The program was created for the purpose of supplementing the native's educational skills with social skills so as to facilitate assimilation into "white" Canadian society.

I feel that the Life Skills course, recently completed, was reasonably successful. It was worthwhile for me personally in that I was kept in contact with a world outside of here through the speakers who came in weekly. It also exposed me to other lifestyles of women in here and gave me a better understanding of the people I live with.

For Any Woman Wishing to Become An Inmate at the Prison for Women
This is a Re-Print of the Official--
INMATE DISORIENTATION BOOKLET
by Caro Walters

Now that you've arrived, we hope that your stay is as long and as pleasant as possible. The management accepts no responsibility for any personality changes that may occur during your stay. This booklet may help to confuse any answers you may feel you have.

Location - Kingston, Ontario Canada, the western hemisphere, the world, the solar system.

3,614 miles from Alice Springs, Aus.
15 miles from the U.S. border
2,135 miles from downtown Hong Kong
5,196 miles from Arkhangelsk

Kingston is accessible by train, plane, bus, rocketship, canoe and pogo stick. Schedules are not available.

Reception - The newcomer is required to sign a paper stating that she has arrived alive and then hand over all her documents, possessions and her individuality. Later she will see an administrator who will extract all information from her.

Bathing - The newcomer is required to bathe and be deloused, de-flee'd and de-contaminated.

Accomodation is available. On the range she is offered luxurious 4 x 6 foot cells, decorated in ice blue, personal "bathroom" and constantly running cold water.

Meals - Breakfast 8:00 - 8:04
Lunch 12:27 - 12:32
Supper 4:32 - 4:37

There is no room service.

Health Care - The newcomer is advised not to be sick on Tuesdays, Thursdays or weekends as sick parade is on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. She will be required to see a Psychiatrist who will attempt to play with her mind.

Visits and Correspondence - Parcels may be received at the rate of one every ten years. They may Not include:

1. Liquor or Dope
2. Guns or Bombs
3. Files or Hack Saws
4. Males of the Species
5. Anything Useful or Entertaining

Visitors will be frisked, interrogated and humiliated, but otherwise may communicate freely with the inmate so long as they don't:

a. Kiss
b. Touch
c. Make-out
d. Smile
e. Talk

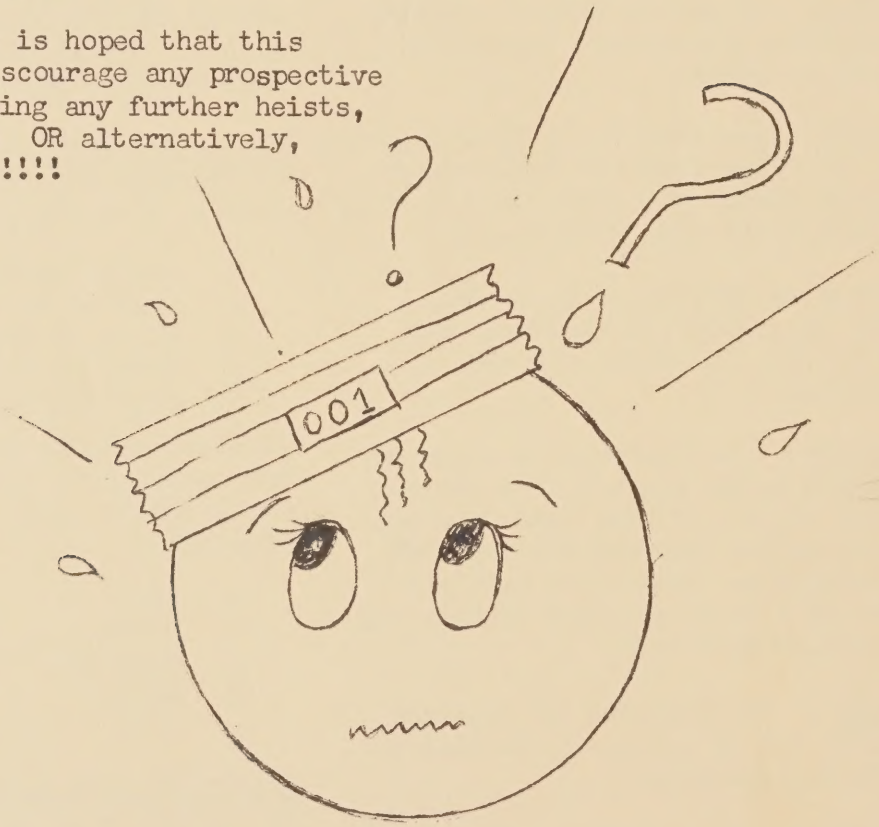
Interview with Correctional Officer - Each new inmate will be assigned a C.O. or if they're lucky they won't. The inmate will soon learn that the C.O.'s sole function is to arrange telephone calls.

Work Departments Include -

1. Laundry - where the wash is done
2. Sewing Room - where the sewing is done
3. Kitchen - where the cooking is done
4. School - where the schooling is done
5. Beauty Parlor - where beautification is done

Chapel - There are weekly services and other random events.

Conclusion - It is hoped that this booklet will discourage any prospective inmates from doing any further heists, boosts or deals OR alternatively, GETTING CAUGHT!!!!!



KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOR
BJ

There's a common condition amongst the women here who are in the final throes of their imprisonment. The symptoms of this malady are increased nervousness and fidgeting, blank eyed stares, morose moodiness and very short temperedness. It was not surprising that most of the interviewees have already formulated their reasons for being "short and shitty" as they answered the question:
WHAT ARE YOUR FEARS OR PRIMARY CONCERNS, AFTER HAVING LIVED IN THE SECURITY OF IMPRISONMENT, WHEN YOU ARE FINALLY LET OUT THE DOOR?

"The sudden flood of responsibility which is the direct opposite of living here where we have no responsibility and we are encouraged to have no responsibility."

"Getting together with my child again—whether he will recognize me, the hustle and bustle of street life and whether I can remain unhung up on heroin. And that is just the beginning....."

"I am not afraid of anything at this moment. How can I predict what's going to happen when I get out. I won't know until I get there."

"My biggest fear is if I'll be able to handle the time that I have missed out on. Everything stops still in here for me and out there everything is going ahead."

"That I wasn't given any treatment for my problem and that no preparation was made for my release. I will be just cut loose and told to fend for myself. And that my ties with my family were all but severed because I was shipped all the way across the country to do my time. That's all for now, I could tell you lots more later....."

"That I'll get pinched again."

"To readjust to society. It changes so much from year to year that after being inside 5, 7, 10 years, whatever, you are going out to a completely new thing."

"I don't know. I won't know that until it gets closer to the time I get out. I've got over a year yet so I don't know the answer to that."

"My primary concern is that my children's attitudes and behaviours may be in strong opposition to mine as a result of their having been influenced by living with a "straight" family. By this I am referring to the average middle class addictions to nutritionally poor foods, peer group competitiveness and money directed goals."

"Well, one of the things is that my husband has a lot of new friends and people I don't know and how am I going to fit in? They seem to be doing quite well without me. I'm also concerned about my family, I know there will be a period of adjustment."

"My own personal fears would be worrying about a job because of my age (50) and (for my type of sentence) whether or not people will accept me."

" If I can get back to the level of emotional stability and capability of social interaction that I had when I came in here, then I will consider myself sufficiently rehabilitated."

"I have fears of not being able to cope and adjust to a new environment. I have a fear of not being able to "make it right" this time. Just being able to handle all my problems and keep it together."

"To find a good job. That is the main fear--finding a good job. If you have a good job I don't think any girl would commit any silly offenses again."

"I don't really have any thoughts about it really. I will just get out and get a job and a place to live like I've done before--I'll be all right."

"None."

"I might not recognize my family. I haven't seen them for two years. I am not in touch with the outside world. I don't know what's going on because I am denied contact with Canadians because I am a foreigner. And, I'm also worried about when my time of departure comes I won't fit through the "out" door because of all the fat I've put on from eating a lot of junk."

"That I won't be able to make it on the street. That I won't be able to find a job and settle down. Everything will be so strange, so new."

"I really don't think of it because I am really institutionalized. I'll just feel sick when I have to go out."

"A job. My problem is a job for sure because I never could keep one."

"No problema, (I have) very good life, very good life, never a problema."

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"Your true dull minds are generally preferred for public employ, and especially promoted to city honor; your keen intellects, like razors being considered too sharp for common service"

—Washington Irving

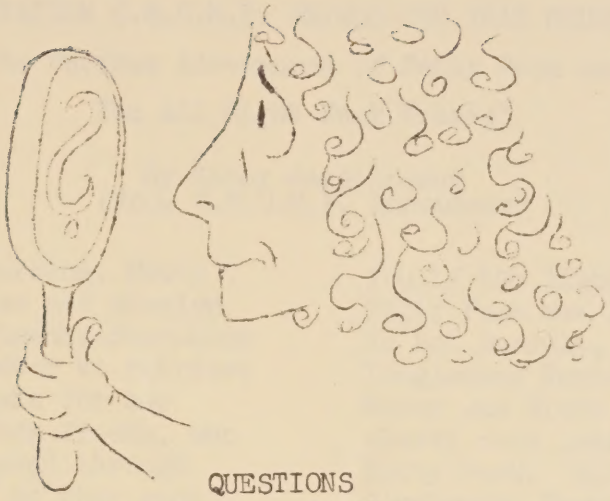
THE FEAST OF ST. COMMERCIAL CHRISTMAS
by Caro Walters

We, the celibate ones, here in the inner sanctum of the most blessed cloisters of the sect of St. Federal the Penitent are busily engaged in preparing for the most deeply religious event of the year. The memory of the birth of the holy saint of our latter day order, our saviour, the Commercial Christmas, hallowed be its name. Let us bow down to its most reverent name. Let us lift our voices and our wallets and sing in unison a praise to its most loyal guardian angels, St. Eatons, St. Sears and St. Woolco. Hallelujah.

Whilst thumbing through the sacred Mail Order Catalogs, we do not fail to utter a prayer praising to the highest the creators of such awe-full mass produced offerings. It is verily an ecstatic experience to contemplate the gifts that we will lay at the feet of our Matron Superior, and to meditate on which of our number will be chosen for the yearly pilgrimage to the shrine of the venerable St. Woolco to seek bingo prizes.

Each time we enter the shrine room of that most venerated idol, the Television Set, it is verily a numinous experience. To feast our eyes upon the manmade conifer that stands majestically in its plastic bucket resplendently displaying its halo of twinkling lights.

This most sacred of seasons, when even the most circumspect banish from their minds the Satan of Commercialism, "Inflation" and (let its name be damned) rush to give alms to the poor and needy departmental stores. Giving more than we have, we pray for a many-fold return of our religious investment, and entreat our saviour to get us out of the red before this time next year.



QUESTIONS
By Geri Platko

You ask me my friend
What does a court room look like?
A bunch of cops
Smirking and staring
A group full of people
Sitting and swearing
A judge talking
And not really caring
As you stand there
With your heart tearing
Tearing with fear

You ask me my friend
What does a cell look like?
A small room
Not fit for two
A set of bars
A bed that will squeak
With a toilet and sink

Now I ask you my friend
What does life look like?
Is there any living?
Caring?
Sharing?

AND NOW FROM FABULOUS PETTYCOAT PALACE, IN THE HEART OF BEAUTIFUL, DOWNTOWN, KINGSTON, RADIO STATION C.H.U.M.P. BRINGS YOU THAT MODERN ORPHAN ANNIE—

"The Further Adventures of Patty Peek and,
The All Night Peek Freaks"

By Nancy Ward-Armour
(Your C.H.U.M.P. Announcer)

When we last left our heroine, Patty Peek, she was sent on her mad mission of Mercy, to the local twenty-four-hour Peek-N-Freak Service Center to retrieve a party pac of loaded bats for her friends the all night peek freaks, who were too paranoid to travel through Tanglewood Tunnels, and so they sent the hapless Patty, who was too paranoid, and besides she was the most stupid to refuse. The twenty-four-hour Peek-N-Freak Service Center is conveniently situated at the end of Tanglewood Tunnels, in an ill lit area around Bagot and West Sts. Convenient that is for that villain of all villains Peter P. And, even more convenient for Nicky N. and his dastardly, sleazy crew. The all night peek friends were peeking and freaking, with all the lights out, hoping to catch a burglar or even a peeping tom, or some other equally unfortunate jerk, who may happen by so they would have someone new to babble to. Home, of course, being Madness Manor, situated at the wrong end, of a dead end, one way street in the beautiful limestone capitol. Seemingly hours had transgressed since Patty had left on her mad mission of mercy. Where was our heroine now? Lost, that's right folks, lost in the tombs of Tanglewood Tunnels. With that villain of all villains, Peter P., hot on her tail, or shoulder as the case may be. Poor Patty Peek could not find the light switch in Tanglewood Tunnels it having been long ago removed under the assumption that Nicky N. and his dastardly, sleazy crew could not find you if the lights were out... So, poor Patty Peek was lost and Peter P. was in hot pursuit, and somewhere between Tanglewood Tunnels and the Madness Manor was Nicky N. and his dastardly sleazy crew laying a trap for poor Patty Peek. Will Patty make it through Tanglewood Tunnels? Will Peter P. succeed in his relentless attempt to overpower Patty? Will Nicky the Narco officer and his dastardly crew scoop Patty P. before she makes it back to Madness Manor and the all night peek freaks with the party pac of loaded bats? Tune in tomorrow friends for the further adventures of Patty Peek and the all night peek freaks brought to you by that breakfast of champions, Quick Start, the no mess, no fuss, easily inhaled breakfast cereal. Remember friends, feeling sluggish and out of sorts? Or, just not UP to par lately, well start your day the fast, FAST, easy way with Quick Start, the quick pick-me-upper. Quick Start is on sale now at all twenty-four-hour Peek-N-Freak Service Centers, and while you're there stock up on bats. Buy them in the easy disposable party pac of seven for a one week supply. Don't delay, do your shopping today, or night as the case may be at your friendly neighborhood Peek-N-Freak Service Center, and tune in tomorrow for the further adventures of Patty Peek and the All Night Peek Freaks.

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And now Radio Station C.H.U.M.P. takes

you to its on the spot news reporter, Flash Fearless, who has been occupying one of the stalls in the john of a local hotspot hotel, the Hotel Hotspot. "Come in Flash."

Flash Fearless: "Hi listeners, well we have hit the jackpot today. In the adjoining john, the narco squad have guzzled Sydney the speed freak, as he attempted to rip off an undercover narc who had just made a 'buy' from an unsuspecting dealer. Sydney, can you answer a few questions for our anxious listeners?"

Sydney the Speed Freak: "Ouch, owie, oomph, ya man what da ya want?"

Flash: "Sydney, what our listeners really want to know is, why would you attempt a rip, of an undercover narc?"

Sydney: "Ouch, owie, oomph, ah like I forgot, you know man, like it's my memory isn't functioning as good as it should, ouch, owie, oomph."

Flash: "Sydney, ooh Sydney? Guess that's all 'til they revive him folks. That shouldn't take too long as they are now proceeding to stuff his head down the shitter. Oh, hey, unfair man, now they are flushing the john at the same time. Guess that's the end of the interview."

Yes, well thanks Flash, it was exciting and remember you heard it first on Radio Station C.H.U.M.P. and so on with the evenings entertainment.

And now it's time to play that favorite funtime family show, "It's Your Life," where contestants roll the dice to see who goes first for sentencing. Todays players are three dealers, who will be in front of Judge Allyiouses P. Conscientious. Our first contestant has all ready rolled, boy is he anxious, and his lucky numbers are a five and a four for a total of nine points. Looks like he will be first in the dockets at 9:oo a.m. Player number two has the dice now, here he goes, snake eyes man, yes that is a lucky roll, number 2 will be sentenced at two this afternoon. Now number three it is your roll. Box cars for the number two position at twelve noon, just as the judge is getting really hungry. We will return later to see how much time our contestants received on "It's Your Life" and now on to our live soap opera for the day, "As the Stomache Turns," with todays live guest star, Irene "I've Got A Petition" Meaney. Let's give her a big hand folks. (Hiss, Boo, Retch, Nyah) Tell us, Mrs. Meaney, what have you been doing in your latest exciting petition gathering career?"

"Well, young man, I've got a petition to top all petitions, and of course it is directed at my favorite pet peeve The Justice Minister of Kanada, WarOn Allnut."

And what does this petition read Mrs. Meany?

"Well I have really outdone myself this time, young fellow. It says, Dear WarOn: If you do not bring back the death penalty by twelve midnight the day after this is postmarked, you will be assassinated."

I see, Mrs. Meaney that you have quite a list of names on that petition already.

"Yes, I have a large family."

But , Mrs. Meaney, I do not see your name on it, and why are you wearing gloves today? Well, I guess that raps up the show as Mrs. Meaney is now leaving by the back door. Tune in tomorrow for "As The Stomache Turns," and now it's time to return to "It's Your Life" where our contestants are now being carried in from

their courtroom ordeal. Here is our first player on today's fun time family show, who got levelled at nine this morning. Number one, what was your sentence?

"Wow, what a bummer man, nine years he hit me with"

Number two is still in shock so we will go on to contestant three, what did you receive number three?

"Got a break man, must have been a good lawyer, a deuce, that's all, just two years."

And now back to number two, number two, well looks like he is still out, number one what did your fellow player receive?

"Uh, eleven and a half years man, heavy, eh?"

Eleven and a half years, is that not a rather unusual sentence?

"No man, we had a power failure just before lunch!"

Well that raps up todays show of "It's Your Life" now back to the station for our quiet hour with Rev. Billy Wafer. This is a paid broadcast, your radios now go on metered time, you will receive the bill for todays show along with your monthly light and water assessment. Remember folks, on the flip side of your electric bill is that fun contest, "Help Pinch a Pusher," all you do is fill in the blanks with the correct information and if this leads to the arrest and conviction of a pusher, you receive ten percent of your monthly bill back in cash, that's right folks in CASH. So don't delay, join the ranks of Stoolies today and "Help Pinch A Pusher." And now Rev. Billy Wafer with the thought for today: Dear Friends and neighbors, the world is truly going astray, because citizens of this great, fascist state, I mean democracy are losing their objective, that's right folks losing their objective. Brothers and sisters in the hustle bustle of todays modern world, people, just can't seem to remember their objective. One must remember at all costs, to go straight ahead no matter how rough the road of life may be, think clearly at all times, no matter how confusing the path becomes, never sway from that goal... However, when you are up to your ass in alligators it is sometimes difficult to remember that your main objective was to drain the swamp!!!"

Thank you Rev. Wafer and now for all you would be smokers we have an interview with our special guest star Miss Henrietta Winebottom a rehabilitated dope smoker. Miss Winebottom, tell our listeners how you first began smoking dope?

"Well it was during my first year of graduate studies. I was majoring in psychology and doing experiments in the rat laboratory. We were trying to breed and addict these study groups to marijuana."

This must have been difficult, I mean, I thought marijuana was non addicting?

"You're telling me, I mean, ever try to make a rat smoke a joint? Anyway it must have been the fumes man, as the only time I ever really smoked up was at home. I used to take some home you know, purely for scientific reasons, of course."

Yes of course, then tell me Henrietta how did you get busted?

"My mother, man, she filled out one of those forms on the back of her light and water bill. Hey, we were lucky, she won first prize and we used the bread to pay the down payment for the lawyer. It was at this time while I was doing time that I got rehabilitated. It's a good thing too, you see I use to have this weight problem, like I was nearly two hundred pounds and the smoke really gave me the munchies. Boy, would I eat. Now, I only booze and just wine too. I lost a lot of weight man, I'm only ninety pounds now and I made a lot of good friends by joining AA, and I got a job as a model now."

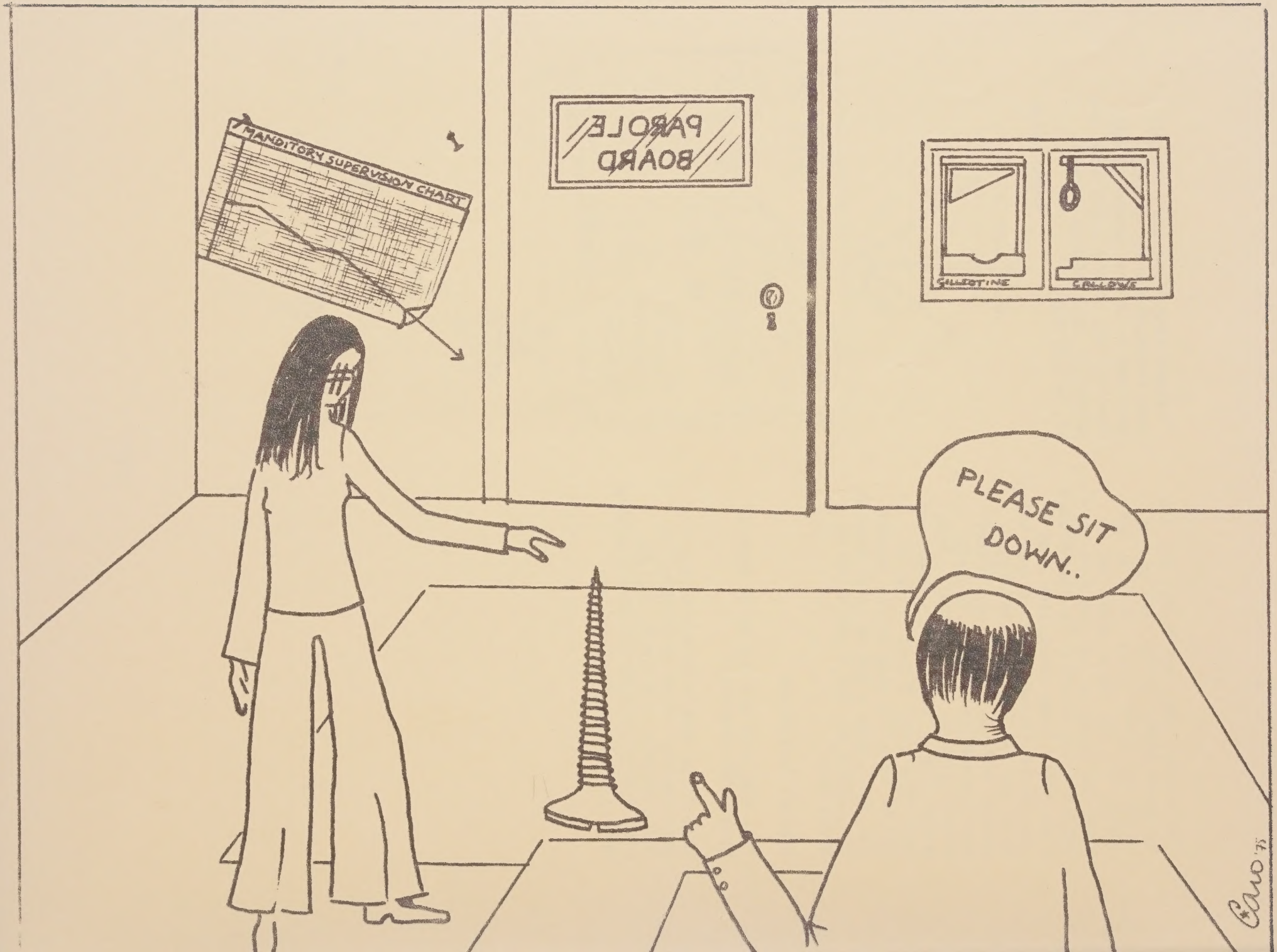
A model Henrietta?

"Yea man, you can see me on most of those CARE posters."

Well folks that's it for todays programming. Tune in tomorrow to Radio Station C.H.U.M.P. the fun time family station for more exciting and informative broadcasting.

"Advertising signs that con you
Into thinking you're the one
That can do what's never been done
That can win what's never been won
Meanwhile life outside goes on
All around you"

--Bob Dylan


MANDITORY SUPERVISION CHART
PAROLE BOARD
GUILLOTINE
GALLOWS
PLEASE SIT DOWN..

JOBS AND CANADA MANPOWER
By Alan Nicholls
Special Programs Counsellor

This article is intended to say something about what the Canada Manpower Centre,or CMC, does in working with inmates to help them prepare for jobs before release and to find the right jobs afterwards.

Canada Manpower has offices right across the country in over 400 cities and towns. It is a big organization and so there is often a danger of it becoming impersonal--thousands of Manpower Counsellors dealing with hundreds of thousands of unemployed people looking for work. You will find that most of the staff manage to view each client as an individual person with unique needs and abilities who wants to be connected with the right job.

Q. What can the Canada Manpower Centre do to find me a job?

A. A few weeks before your release, ask the CMC representative to contact the CMC serving the area you are going to. We will make an appointment with a Counsellor there, who often will have made some contacts to line up a job already. Make sure you keep in touch with the Counsellor until you have a suitable job.

Q. If I get a job through Canada Manpower, will they tell the employer about my record?

A. Our policy is to tell an employer when a person being referred to a job has a recent record and the offence has any relation to the sort of work being performed. Regardless of this policy, it is generally the best approach for the ex-inmate to let the employer know of a recent incarceration. In practice, a large number of employers do not discriminate against ex-inmates. If the employer already knows, the ex-inmate does not have to worry about the fact becoming known and then being fired.

Q. How do I prevent getting a run-around if I go to a Canada Manpower Centre when I am released?

A. Try to make arrangements before your release so that you will have a definite appointment with someone who can provide the help you need. Most large and medium sized CMCs have a Special Programs Counsellor who will be able to put you in touch with the right person.

Q. I have not worked since leaving school. How can I find out what I'm suited for?

A. Most likely you have some idea of the work you want to do already. Maybe you have done jobs in the institution that can give you more ideas. Often the testing done in the institution, such as interest tests, and the General Aptitude Test Battery will give you more information about your interests and abilities. If you are not able to do these tests in the institution before your release, make arrangements to take them at the CMC.

Q. How can I get training for a job?

A. Get as much training as you can before you leave, either within the institution or in the community. When you are released you might want to take training through the Canada Manpower. The best known is the training sponsored at the Community Colleges. We pay for either basic training (English, Math and Science) between Grade 1 and Grade 12 or

skill training in up to a hundred subjects such as Chef Training, Stenography, T.V. Repair, Welding and Waitress Training. While on training, the trainee receives a weekly allowance. Another sort of training is with employers. As many employers don't want to have someone with no training or experience, we pay for a training period with the employer, usually for three to six months, after which the trainee is ready to be hired on a regular basis.

Q. What is the biggest problem for ex-inmates in getting a job?

A. It is not the fact that employers refuse to hire ex-inmates. Certainly some do refuse, but enough employers are prepared to hire a person for what he or she can do on the job. Perhaps the main problem interferring with persons getting or holding a job is the way they go about thing--such as getting discouraged early, and getting themselves fired. To the extent that a person is tuned in and makes a consistent effort, success usually comes along. Often the effort is difficult, but it pays off. Even with fairly high unemployment, jobs are becoming available all the time--usually about 4% of the jobs, through quittings, retirements and so on.

Q. When should I make plans for getting a job?

A. Right now! Even if you won't be out for a few years start making plans now. Get as much experience and training before your release so that you can get the job you want.

Q. How can I see someone from the Canada Manpower?

A. Ask to see the Canada Manpower representative who comes to the institution every Thursday morning.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE RESPONSE TO ALAN NICHOLLS' ARTICLE

In looking over this article, we were appalled at the reference to "training" within the institution, our gut level reaction being that no appropriate training is available. However, after speaking with I. Barsky, Director of the School, we were informed that as high a number as 90% of the women within these walls have not received their grade 13 certificate (or its equivalent). So, for those of you who are sincerely interested in getting a "straight" well paying job that you really enjoy working at, it is an absolute advantage to have completed your high school education. It's difficult to speak of occupations other than the low skill "female oriented" positions such as typing, stenography, waitressing, beauty parloring, and doing the food thing, without more education. To have a wider range of trainable skills within this institution with more attractive marketable jobs requires that persons have higher levels of education.

(This blurb has been sponsored by the "Support Your Local School" organization).

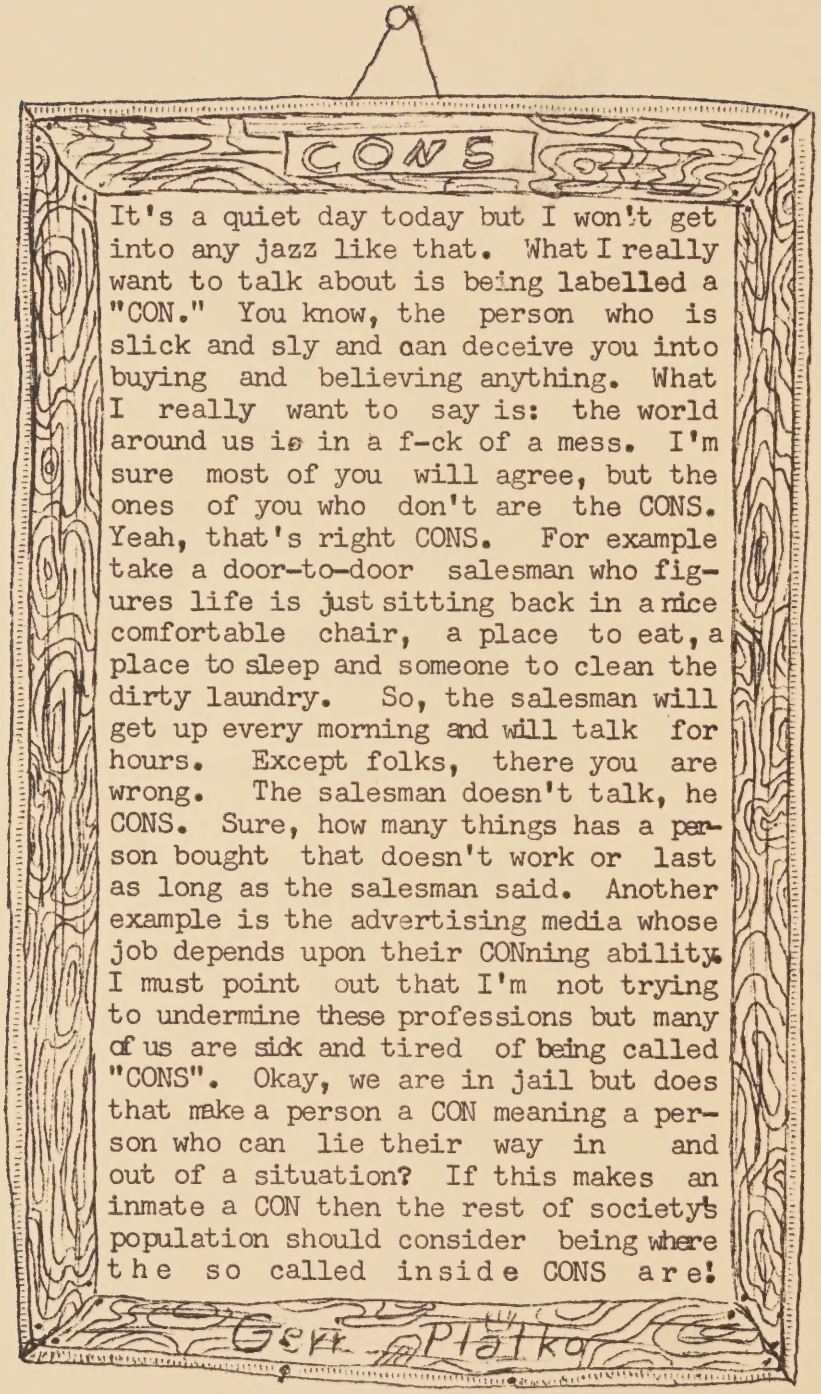
CHRISTMAS

By Sue Monkley

I'm sitting here looking
At the cards of Christmas
That people have sent
My mind wondering why
This event of the year is
To mean so much when
All around me I see
The unhappiness that it brings

Oh yes, I can be happy
For they have found
It in their hearts to set
Me free
Free for a few days
Yet my friends must remain
Behind these bars

How can I feel glad
And sad in the same instant
The want to go
And yet to not
Not knowing what
To do
Not knowing what
To do


CONS
It's a quiet day today but I won't get into any jazz like that. What I really want to talk about is being labelled a "CON." You know, the person who is slick and sly and can deceive you into buying and believing anything. What I really want to say is: the world around us is in a f-ck of a mess. I'm sure most of you will agree, but the ones of you who don't are the CONS. Yeah, that's right CONS. For example take a door-to-door salesman who figures life is just sitting back in a nice comfortable chair, a place to eat, a place to sleep and someone to clean the dirty laundry. So, the salesman will get up every morning and will talk for hours. Except folks, there you are wrong. The salesman doesn't talk, he CONS. Sure, how many things has a person bought that doesn't work or last as long as the salesman said. Another example is the advertising media whose job depends upon their CONning ability. I must point out that I'm not trying to undermine these professions but many of us are sick and tired of being called "CONS". Okay, we are in jail but does that make a person a CON meaning a person who can lie their way in and out of a situation? If this makes an inmate a CON then the rest of society's population should consider being where the so called inside CONS are!
Gen. Platko

WHAT ABOUT THE POTULATION PROBLEM?

By Marcella Levie

Did you ever wonder what makes it so hard for earthlings to be happy together (or even alone) these days and many days before these. Oh well, you can say the cold wars, the hot wars, the unhappy feelings, it's all meant to be; it's all part of the "Big Plan" that finally leads to....who knows? But, then still it doesn't make things any better does it? I thought, maybe it all began when earthlings started multiplying and multiplying and people started living in crowds instead of in cozy families and little secure groups. And when there's more people around, it gets more difficult to organize the whole thing of living.

Before, a man would just simply build his house, grow his food so that he would make sure to keep alive and have a good time. But more and more babies were born (and that's having a good time for sure:) and the earth got really crowded and so the earthlings had to start to take each other into consideration. A lot of food had to be produced and a lot of houses built to keep everybody supplied with the basic needs of life.

So they decided that it would be easier if they organized it a little, so that not everyone just took care of his own thing any longer, but everybody together would take care of everybody. So certain people made roofs for houses, others table legs and again others would grow potatoes. And, the things they needed for living. They became dependent on each other to get "it" together again. They had to gather the pieces to create a whole, like a puzzle (and of course they felt "puzzled"). And, also, they didn't feel so good anymore about what they were making because it wasn't complete, it was only part of something. That's what we call alienation. And it all started with a simple human deed.

But actually that's not the point of this story. The point is how to get rid of the problem and/or all of those superfluous earthlings. A lot of governments think that wars and starvation and so are the solution. But, it doesn't seem to work quite well. It doesn't seem to make anybody very happy after all. Now scientists all over the earth have been breaking their heads over all kinds of ways to prevent babies from seeing the light. Millions of pills have been popped, and sprays been sprayed, rubbers clumsily attached in ecstasy, but to no avail. In 1975 however...we think they finally found it.

At the University of California in Los Angeles, it has been proven that the notorious plant called marijuana causes temporary sterility among the male portion of the human race. In an experiment it was proven that man's reproductive hormones decreased one third after smoking five joints every day for nine weeks. (Don't worry though. After two weeks not smoking, it was all cool again.) So women, if you want to help solve the world's biggest problem, overpopulation, just feed your man a few joints a day and you can throw away all your pills, sprays, etc. (I refuse to make any guarantees of this.) And, it's about time our concerned politicians became aware of this fantastic solution and legalize the medicine, isn't it????

RESEARCH FROM THE CORE
By Roswitha

Instead of the usual "quotable answers" we will present an editorialized interview this time. It was based on the "facts and figures" from short audiences with George Caron, who as an Assistant Director, is an extremely busy person. Mr. Caron's background, thus pieced together from hectic pencil longhand on numerous sheets of paper may be a little mixed up in succession, but it should provide all the basics on his academic and working self. As a very inefficient interviewer, I forgot to ask Mr. Caron about his place of birth. But, we can be sure that if he is not a Canadian citizen he at least has an immigrant status or a work permit.

Mr. Caron graduated from Western Washington State University with a Bachelor of Arts and Science Degree. He specialized in Sociology, Anthropology and Psychology. At the University of Calgary he received a Solicitor General's Scholarship which was partially responsible for his later work in the correctional field. During the past decade, Mr. Caron has received varied work experiences on a volunteer basis in Canada and United States, including some of the following placements:

Social Work in Mount Vernon Juvenile Detention Centre (Washington State)

Northern State Hospital with mental patients (Washington State)

Big Brother Program (Washington State)

Vancouver, B.C. Juvenile Detention Centre

Group Social Worker at the Vocational Rehabilitation Research Institution Calgary, Alberta

Social Work at Woods Christian Home, Calgary, Alberta

Canadian Mental Health in Edmonton, member of Steering Committee dealing with physical child abuse.

During this period of volunteer work, Mr. Caron has also served two years as Chairman and as a member on the Board of Directors of Project '72, a residential, co-ed centre in Edmonton which mainly involved drug rehabilitation counselling for young adults.

After graduation from college, Mr. Caron was employed several years as a Social Worker with the Provincial Government in various locations in British Columbia. Prior to arriving in Kingston, between 1971 and 1975 Mr. Caron was employed as a Parole Officer with the National Parole Board in Edmonton. Mr. Caron began working in this institution in March, 1975 and stated that his objectives are positive changes for more effective programs inducing more response. His present responsibilities are the supervision of:

Overall inmate programming which involves the Temporary Absence Program and the coordination of all programs involving socialization
Classification Staff
Psychologist and Staff
Chaplain
Social Development which includes Recreation, Library, Arts & Crafts, and Visiting and Correspondence

In effect, Mr. Caron's responsibilities cover everything that affects inmate welfare and that improves or develops social awareness. Because of the great deal of

overlapping in various positions, Mr. Caron feels, it is imperative that coordination between staff exists. In his short nine month term, Mr. Caron has thus far established a Program Committee as a vehicle to achieve program coordination. The Committee provides an opportunity for inmates to initiate programs or make known the shortcomings of existing ones. It is Mr. Caron's belief that it is therefore important for the Inmate Committee members to meet with the other members of the population so as to gather and monitor the information from the total inmate body. Mr. Caron has also been responsible for the publishing of two inmate handbooks presenting orientative information to the female offender serving her sentence in this institution.

Asked about the motives for his work within the structure of the Prison for Women, Mr. Caron chuckled and said, "It wasn't a life ambition to get into the correctional field." And, he at first refused when confronted with the possibility of working inside a penal institution as the experiences he had amassed as a parole officer would be an asset. He recalls harboring altruistic feelings and decided at a later date that a position in an institution could be conducive to the effecting of fundamental changes. "One has to be involved to learn about the reality. I believe in challenging positions for the educational value in everything," says the Assistant Director of Inmate Programs. He added that the Prison for Women in Kingston, Ontario was opened to the female "public offender" 45 years ago, and, as always within apparent progress there are questions such as: are improvements necessary? should we be complacent? should we recognize the change outside? must the inner system change? He explained that the changes in a large organization or system are slow primarily because certain elements are comfortable in a routine and reluctant to change.

Mr. Caron sees his job as creating and promoting facilities within the institution which would lead to greater involvement of an individual within her field of interest. However, there are always confines like time limit and staff shortage. He would particularily like to see more participation of the staff and more or different ideas toward programs that involve a cross section of inmates—especially those from minority groups who do not find their interests represented. The success of a program in the institution, he feels, is reflecting the degree of involvement from the residents. He said, "I believe that every inmate in this institution, regardless of reputation and previous history has something to enrich the people around them. If a staff member fails to recognize this principle, I suspect it would be difficult for that person to function within this setting."

Mr. Caron also feels that, "A majority of the women's problems here in this institution stems from the inability to accept responsibility," and he further stated, "we don't want to rob them of all abilities of decision making."

Because of his past experience working with individual males and females and with families in other realms of social work, he has, he feels advantageous insights and he welcomes the broadening of mental horizons. He stressed that the overall goal is to improve programs that enhance communication.

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"Most of the big differences between questions and answers is that, a question may be asked at almost any time and place, but its answer may come at a special time and place."

--Reflections

RIDDLEDICULOUS RHYMES

By Nancy Ward-Armour

Hello again, dear typewriter
Ever faithful friend
Long days we spent together
Lost in blissful dreams
Of poetic chicannery and other witty schemes

Tis time again, mechanical friend
On familiar keys inspiration knows no end

The ticity-tac, ticity-tac
Each line dancing, before my eyes
Round and round your ribbon spins
Ridiculous rhymes, but never mind
You and I share this space in time

And what of all the dreams we shared
No effort or ability was to be spared
Dreams or reality, we never really cared

Good companion, for one more year
Each day together we will spend
On silly dreams that know no end
Reaching for rainbows to while the time
Great heights we'll reach, but never mind
Each dream is reality, in our timeless rhyme

HOW TO BE A NON-VIOLENT REVOLUTIONIST

Editorial Committee

The following article is a reprint from the Guelph Reformatory publication "INSIDER." It appeared in the May, 1975 issue and was written by their Psychometrist, Ronald G. Lyon. Webster's says psychometrics is the psychological theory or technique of mental measurement; so Mr. Lyon must be Guelph's counterpart to our Larry Fletcher. The article deals with maintaining one's social consciousness and because this is where we are now, the prison is our society. Mr. Lyon presents an intelligent view of the inmate's responsibility to play an active role in effecting change in our "prison" society. He, therefore, invites inmates to become non violent revolutionists inside the penal institution. Because the article is rather lengthy, we have condensed it and chosen those parts we find particularly effective. Oh yeah, it's called SURVIVAL:

"How To Tell If You Should Read This Art icle. This article was written mainly for inmates, somewhere between the ages of 16 and 100, but not all of them. I am not addressing myself to those who have been able to settle without discomfort into the correctional rehabilitative process. Neither am I addressing myself to those whose discomfort is so acute they are prepared to attack themselves, others, or to burn buildings down. It doesn't take much intelligence to do either. Somewhere between accomodation and hysteria there are many inmates who: are dissatisfied with the way in which their rehabilitation is conducted; are looking for effective ways in which to change the situation; and do not feel all the avenues for non-violent change have been exhausted. If you are not an inmate, don't stop reading. If you are a correctional officer, a social worker, a plumber, a secretary, or just a romantic who still believes in the improvability of correctional institutions, you may find it interesting to read on.

Scrawled in a cell at Millbrook Correctional Centre is the inscription "jail is shit." Members of the Inmate Committee in the State Prison at Lexington, Kentucky some time ago produced a document called WANTED: HUMANE REHABILITATION. It's main conclusions were that prison is based on fear, that it compels inmates to be dishonest, that it destroys the "natural" interest of inmates in acquiring education or learning a trade, and that it promotes obedience to authority. Every inmate knows it. Tell the man what he wants to hear or you won't get your pass, you won't get your TAP, you won't get your parole and you won't get your transfer. Everywhere the complaints are the same: not enough freedom to make choices, not enough responsibility, not enough relevance, not enough caring, too much bureaucracy, too much labelling, and too much fear. As I said, this article is for those who want to consider alternatives, and who want to think about how to achieve them, without contributing to the destruction of their institution or themselves. As long as there is movement, and you feel it is towards freedom of choice, creativity, and responsibility, you are probably doing the right thing.

What do you think of when you think

of violence? Is it possible to have a revolution which has as its purpose the renewal and reconstruction of correctional institutions without the use of violence? Violence is counter productive. It is plain dumb, at best. At worst, it damages and destroys human beings, and we don't need any more Atticas.

The central purpose of this article and, hopefully, others that follow, is to help all of us get it together in the interest of our mutual survival by planting seeds of a revolution without violence, dogma, rhetoric, or charismatic leadership. It all depends on what one is prepared to do and what is possible. Its objective is to make changes in the way things are being done. Profound changes where possible—and where that is not possible, simple improvements. It begins anywhere and anytime someone finds room enough to do something that is better than what's going on.

When you are making this kind of non-violent revolution, you need not concern yourself with every problem in the universe, only one or two... All that is required is your considered judgement that you may have a better idea.

When you are making a non-violent revolution, you don't always need a lot of organization and help. Sometimes one person doing the right thing the right way can do the job. Individual effort can make a difference, even if only to one other person. Beware of the man who passes up that opportunity because he is not satisfied with helping so few. He probably works for the CIA. Beware also of those who devote themselves entirely to revolution. They are usually boring, and find it impossible to retain a sense of humour. They are one dimensional people. If a man becomes obsessed with an idea, he probably loves his obsession more than his idea.

A non-violent revolution regards any thing that makes anyone, some, or all of us, damaged or dead, as plain-assed dumb. If you hurt or kill yourself or someone else in a misbegotten attempt to survive the system, you have obviously done a dumb thing. If correctional centers weren't doing dumb things, we wouldn't need a von-violent revolution in the first place.

How do you defend yourself against the system? How do you survive? You do not oppose the strength of your adversary, you use your adversary's strength against himself and in spite of himself. In the correctional system, you cannot overpower your adversary with respect to change in rehabilitation or other programs. The bureaucracies that govern correctional institutions while not as powerful as certain others in our society, still have the forces of precedence, law, prejudice, economic coercion, tradition and inertia behind them. And when these fail, there are the police or the army. The confrontation tactics of prison militants in Canada and in the US during the past ten to fifteen years have not been without result but, considering the energy that has been spent, the effort has been impressively inefficient. The system remains not only intact but better prepared than ever to deal with confrontations. The correctional centers all over the world are still aborting the intellectual and spiritual growth of almost all of their charges and, in spite of all the high pitched noises, there is no decent strategy to change them.

A strategy would require you to use the system against itself to work for needed change. To use the strategy to facil-

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A strategy would require you to use the system against itself to work for needed change. To use the strategy to facil-

itate correctional change one must: understand extremely well the structure of the system one is dealing with; understand the symbology of the system; understand the psychology of those who comprise the system. This requires rather more thought and self-discipline than spitting in a correctional officer's face.

When you are making a non-violent revolution you must have a realistic grasp of how things stand. For instance, here are some facts that will not change by themselves in the near future:

1. People who have functioned successfully within a system are generally unwilling to have the system changed, much less work to change it. They are not "evil" (at least no more than you). They just don't want to let go of a good thing.

2. No one (including you) wants to change all his beliefs. In fact, it is probably impossible to do so and retain your sanity. That is why people sometimes prefer problems that are familiar to solutions that are not.

3. People are actually afraid of many words (you too).

4. Very often, people do not see a connection between the way they live their lives and their ideas, which may be just as well.

5. It is not true, as some humanists like to say, that there is a shortage of moral outrage. There is plenty around for everyone. But moral outrage by itself does not bring needed change.

Did you know that many people in corrections and in the community find it hard to understand why a man would be unable to take advantage of the existing opportunities offered him in correctional centers? At the same time, they know that the situation in these centers is dreadful. (Fact: it is not uncommon for people to believe in two contradictory ideas simultaneously).

More About Strategy

Because their assumptions are so precariously held, correctional administrations and staff are extremely susceptible to change provided that you follow these rules:

1. Never tell a corrections person flatly that he/she is wrong. (It scares the hell out of him/her out of lawyers, psychologists, ministers, and almost everyone else, except brain surgeons. Besides, you can't really be sure that he is wrong.)

2. When you think he is wrong, suggest an alternative procedure. Always have alternative solutions to suggest, in some order of priority, as soon as you have laid the problem on him. One of the reasons for doing this is that most of the people who have responsibility for a unit...or whatever are already up to their eyeballs in problems, and the last thing they need is having another one to deal with. So, if you have some possible solutions and the more feasible they are, the better, the odds are fair that your solutions will be given a try simply because no one else has the time, the energy, or the inclination to figure out anything better. Another reason for doing this is that, philosophically, most corrections people and psychology staff in particular, are committed to the idea that there is no single, royal road to truth. In practice, many of them act as if they were not, but in theory, they are irrisistably

drawn to the idea of availability of options. The strategy includes your helping them to get their theory and practice together.

3. In suggesting alternatives, try to use language that is familiar to correctional people and that they like to hear (like evaluation, experiment, progress, inquiry, iniative, motivation. This is an essential ingredient in the non-violent revolution.)

4. Few correctional staff in this institution will refuse an inmate's request for help. Therefore, whenever possible, make it appear that your alternative is intended to help you rehabilitate yourself.

5. Your suggestion must not in any way increase the paper work that the correctional staff must do.

6. Never go over a member of correctional staff's head, until you have tried everything else.

One further ingredient of strategy when making the features of the system visible and, therefore, subject to analysis, criticism and change. Look carefully at the institution and ask yourself such questions as: What is the purpose of rehabilitation? detention? What rules and responsibilities in society are inmates being helped to assume? What attitudes toward authority are inmates expected to accept? What do professional staff do here? Do they help or hinder people? What kind of treatment programs exist and are they available to everyone who needs them? What kind of relationships exist between younger inmates and older inmates? Between inmates and staff? Do enough people receive visits? Are some people lonely? Who decides what issues are important, what rules should be changed, and what trades or courses will be offered? To what extent are inmates prodded to question their own statements, attitudes, beliefs? What are the rules and regulations of the institution? Do you know them? Are they fair?

And, yet another strategy of the non-violent revolution is found in Napoleon's great line: "Never interrupt your enemy when he is in the process of destroying himself." In other words, there is a time for doing everything; and more than once in a while there is a time for you to say nothing and do nothing except to watch some piece of nonsense be consumed by its own irrelevance or inefficiency. Or, in other words: don't just <u>do</u> something, stand there!

Have you ever noticed that in most jobs, if a man (person?) does not do what he is paid to do, he is considered a failure? In corrections (excluding correctional officers for the moment), when that happens, the <u>inmate</u> is considered a failure.

<u>Antidisestablishmentarianism</u>

This very big word is one of the perspectives of the non-violent revolutionary. It includes the beliefs that: the establishment is only a metaphor for organized power; it is individual people who wield power; individual people are changeable and accessible to reason; especially when reason and change can be shown to be in their self-interest; among people of influence there are many untapped sensitivities and repositories of good will; everybody is somebody else's establishment (in some context or other);

which means that more often that we think when we denounce our establishment

we are denouncing ourselves.

Pogo says it like I would like to have said it: "We has met the enemy and he is us."

Ronald G. Lyon
Psychometrist
Guelph Corr. Centre

So after reading of the heavies one must get into such as studying the psychological make-up of the "enemy" presenting alternative solutions and wrapping them in intelligible language to present a well planned non-violent revolution, it is hardly to be wondered at that many of us here choose the easy routes of apatheticly "sleeping" our time away with periodic bursts of hysteric complaints. If we want change, if we've got "beefs", if we see problems within the present structure, then we've got to work to do something about it. This means preparing possible alternatives and solutions AND supporting and communicating with those persons elected to your Inmate Committee.

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The law is the last result of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public.

——Samuel Johnson

CERAMICS AS A CHOICE
By Rose Wu

In the confined grounds of the prison, when inmates have to spend months and years doing time, it is a more pleasant experience if there is a wider choice of activities.

Ceramics is one activity that may offer inmates an interesting variety. It is a visual art that requires manual involvement and practice. Because visual perceptiveness is such a common ability, ceramics becomes a common favorite in crafts. I believe a lot of inmates would like to be involved in practicing ceramics for a length of time, notably twelve weeks to three or six months. From past experience, we noticed that in six weeks, inmates began to produce some fine wares of their own, and concievably, in three to six months, they would become quite proficient with it. This adds to the handicrafts of which inmates have few.

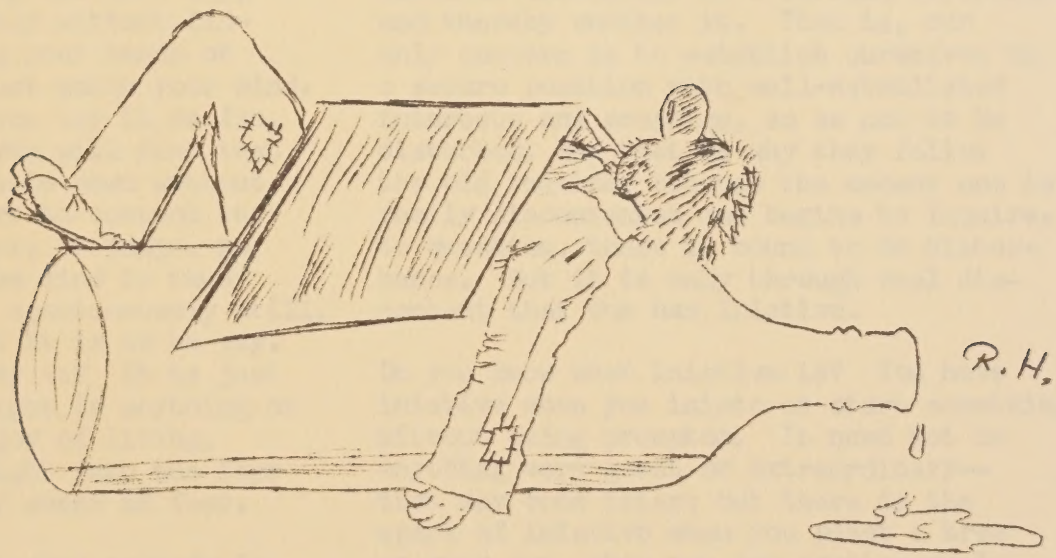
Ceramics is quite suitable for female inmates and wood carving and carpentry is for male inmates. It is a fine art as well as a craft that has been produced by females both in the past and in the present. We are in an especially convenient position to practice this art as we have a fully equipped studio and kiln. The products made by skilled inmates could be used to replenish the materials if the inmate produced wares were sold.

If our ceramic workshop would extend its enrollment to twelve inmates at a time, instead of six, and intensify its activities, it would provide the opportunity of interesting participation to those girls who may be gifted with some visual creative ability, on top of the rather narrow choice of the laundry, kitchen, beauty parlor, the school and the sewing room. That is why a continued existence and even expansion of the ceramic department is truly desirable to all the inmates as a whole.

THE DIRTY OLD MAN

By Jude Geehan

The tattered old wino
On a bench in a park
Finds a day old newspaper
For warmth in the dark
His bottle is gone
And he closes his eyes
To comfort a body
As he inwardly cries
He dreams of his yesteryear
He was happy and gay
A hat coat and tails
Was the attire each day
A doctor or lawyer
Of aristocratic blood
An inheritance born
Where his forefathers stood
But now he uncovers
That paper a day old
Nobody bothers with
This broken down soul
His happy years stolen
By societies hand
Now they laugh and they call him
A dirty old man



PASSAGE FROM THE BOOK: THINK ON THESE THINGS
By J. Krishnamurti

"Creative Discontent"

Have you ever sat very quietly without any movement? You try it, sit really still, with your back straight, and observe what your mind is doing. Don't try to control it, don't say it should not jump from one thought to another, from one interest to another, but just be aware of how your mind is jumping. Don't do anything about it, but watch it as from the banks of a river you watch the water flow by. In the flowing river there are so many things—fishes, leaves, dead animals—but it is always living, moving, and your mind is like that. It is everlastingly restless, flitting from one thing to another like a butterfly.

When you listen to a song, how do you listen to it? You may like the person who is singing, he may have a nice face, and you may follow the meaning of the words; but behind all that, when you listen to a song, you are listening to the tones and to the silence between the tones, are you not? In the same way, try sitting very quietly without fidgeting, without moving your hands or even your toes, and just watch your mind. It is great fun. If you try it as fun, as an amusing thing, you will find that the mind begins to settle down without any effort on your part to control it. There is then no censor, no judge, no evaluator; and when the mind is thus very quiet of itself, spontaneously still, you will discover what it is to be gay. Do you know what gaiety is? It is just to laugh, to take delight in anything or nothing, to know the joy of living, smiling, looking straight into the face of another without any sense of fear.

Have you ever really looked anybody in the face? Have you ever looked into the face of your teacher, of your parent, of the big official, of the servant, the poor coolie, and seen what happens? Most of us are afraid to look directly into the face of another; and others don't want us to look at them in that way, because they also are frightened. Nobody wants to reveal himself; we are all on guard, hiding behind various layers of misery, suffering, longing, hope, and there are very few who can look you straight in the face and smile. And it is very important to smile, to be happy; because, you see, without a song in one's heart life becomes very dull. One may go from temple to temple, from one husband or wife to another, or one may find a new teacher or guru; but if there is not this inward joy, life has very little meaning. And to find this inward joy is not easy, because most of us are only superficially discontented.

Do you know what it means to be discontented? It is very difficult to understand discontent, because most of us canalize discontent in a certain direction and thereby smother it. That is, our only concern is to establish ourselves in a secure position with well-established interests and prestige, so as not to be disturbed, and that is why they follow the old routine; because the moment one is really discontented and begins to inquire, to question, there is bound to be disturbance. But it is only through real discontent that one has iniative.

Do you know what iniative is? You have iniative when you iniate or start something without being prompted. It need not be anything very great or extraordinary—that may come later; but there is the spark of iniative when you plant a tree on your own, when you are spontaneously kind, when you smile at a man who is

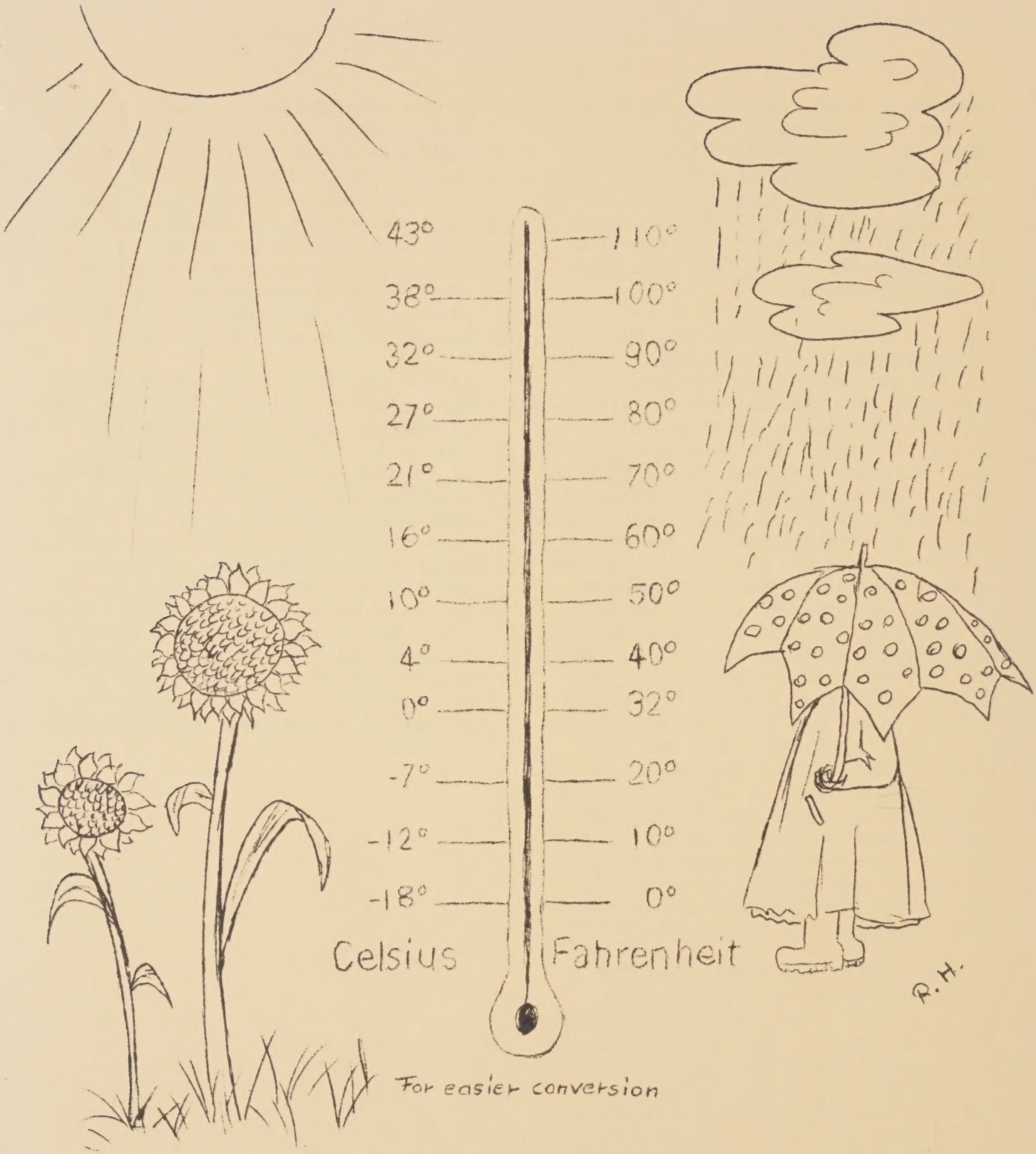
carrying a heavy load, when you remove a stone from the path, or pat an animal along the way. That is a small beginning of the tremendous iniative you must have if you are to know this extraordinary thing called creativeness. Creativeness has its roots in the iniative which comes into being only when there is deep discontent.

Don't be afraid of discontent, but give it noursihment until the spark becomes a flame and you are everlastingly discontented with everything—with your jobs, with your families, with the traditional pursuit of money, position, power—so that you really begin to think, to discover. But as you grow older you will find that to maintain this spirit of discontent is very difficult. You have children to provide for and the demands of your job to consider; the opinion of your neighbors, of society closing in upon you, and soon you begin to lose this burning flame of discontent. When you feel discontented you turn on the radio, you go to a guru, do puja, join a club, drink, run after women--anything to smother the flame. But, you see, without this flame of discontent you will never have the iniative which is the beginning of creativeness. To find out what is true you must be in revolt against the established order; but the more money your parents have, and the more secure your teachers are in their jobs, the less they want you to revolt.

Creativeness is not merely a matter of painting pictures or writing poems, which is good to do, but which is very little in itself. What is important is to be wholly discontented, for such total discontent is the beginning of the iniative which becomes creative as it matures; and that is the only way to find out what is truth, what is God, because the creative state is God.

Do you understand? One must be wholly discontented, not complainingly, but with joy, with gaity, with love. Most people who are discontented are terrible bores; they are always complaining that something or other is not right, or wishing they were in a better position, or wanting circumstances to be different, because their discontent is very superficial. And those who are not discontented at all are already dead.

If you can be in revolt while you are young, and as you grow older keep your discontent alive with the vitality of joy and great affection, then that flame of discontent will have an extraordinary significance because it will build, it will create, it will bring new things into being. For this you must have the right kind of education, which is not the kind that merely prepares you to get a job or to climb the ladder of success, but the education that helps you to think and gives you space—space, not in the form of a larger bedroom or a higher roof, but space for your mind to grow so that it is not bound by any belief, by any fear.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R.H.
For easier conversion

PRISON ASHRAM
By Roswitha

A high new year to the earth and hopefully we may slip out of some old impressions and will yield to the continual change of being. Isn't it strange that another chronological year has ended and what once was 365 long days to come is now only a memory, a word, a second.

Looking through our memory files most of us are not satisfied with our past efforts. Fortunately not! Isn't it our creative discontent which lets us know we have further to go. Self-satisfaction would act like a heavy brake and who can afford to get stuck in a space where we still have complaints about our environment. Which leads to a bit of contemplation regarding the world around us that we always try to blame for inconveniences. There is the old saying which advises not to do unto others what we would not like to have done unto us. How serious do we take it really? Isn't it strange that even though we have a negative feeling toward some people, we don't usually expect others to have them, or at least we condemn them. And when we gossip about somebody it's o.k. but how dare someone talk behind our back! It is especially nasty of our fellow man to have "more" than us and there are constant battles to change that. What would change if we succeeded is merely that we would have more than someone else. What's so great about that. All things seem special if no one else has them. Strangely enough it really means that satisfaction of material value can only please the owner if onlookers can be made jealous, or at least he must be filled with a want for what we have. Doesn't it make more sense to want everybody to have what we have, i.e. if it makes us happy don't we want it to make others happy too? Material goods fail to have that quality because they are only a cheap substitute used as a temporary silencer for the conscious knowledge of higher realms of perfection which come through understanding. Under the heading of understanding we also find the laws of cause and effect. We are entirely responsible for our actions and thoughts. Scary indeed, to imagine that the smallest of our thoughts is "on air" and received as a positive or negative addition to OUR world. The vibrations that don't stem from a mellow space will add to that very chaos we call our societal structure. And then we complain! We say society is to blame, there is always something wrong with the other guy. And yet we are the other guy to the rest of the population. When faced with that, we have so many excuses in our computer and we pull them out and present those speeches which are only of face value to someone else and won't appease them. Usually our inner voice comes to attention and keeps reminding us that we can do better. But what to do? How about another try to check our every move and thought (before or after) and judge according to our own sense of value what our motives are. Forget what someone else says or does that could excuse our own behavior, they will not be there to dig the consequences for us, only for themselves. Being physically in prison, I found out the very obvious way. How about YOU?

It would be of value for those of us here who have a difficult time flowing with the natural current if you let us share YOUR insights so we can print them as a way of touching. Thank you for the love you send.

P.S. How about some new year resolution to tighten up your karma? Like, increase your tolerance level by looking at your brothers and sisters as a mirror for your own reflection. Everything you don't like in them you may want to remove in yourself.

We all live by the grace of
THE LIGHT

SPORTS LINE
By Jude Geehan

The Angels did it again!! Holding steadily in second place in the Basketball League, they beat the Oldtimers 46-8 in their 8th game of the season. They held a good lead right from the first quarter with Marlene A. opening the scoring. From then on to the end Marlene, Geri P., and Betty-Ann S. led the Angels to their sixth victory of the season.

The season opened November 12, 1975 with a close game between the Angels and The Inn. The Inn won by a narrow margin of 3 points leaving the score at 21-18. Angel's baskets in this game were scored by Geri P-12, Betty-Ann S-2 and Marlene A-4.

The Angels then took the Oldtimers 64-10. Baskets were scored by Geri P-41, Marlene A-13, Betty-Ann S-8 and B.J. B-2.

D&D Auto lost to the Angels 32-17. Baskets were by Betty-Ann S-12, Diana V-6, Marlene A-10 and Marcella L-2.

The Angels vs. Globetrotters brought a score of 23-12 for the Angels. Geri P-6, Betty-Ann S-11, Marlene A-2, Diana V-2 and Lise P-2.

The fifth game brought the Angels their second loss of the season, again to the Inn. They lost the game by 3 short baskets to finish with a score of 40-36. The Angels' scorers were Geri P-28, Betty-Ann S-2, Marlene A-2, and Diana V-2.

The Angels then came back with another win against the Oldtimers. The final score was 34-12 with the Angels' Geri P-23, Betty-Ann S-8, Marlene A-2, Marcella L-1.

D&D Auto came back for another whopping and conceded the game to the Angels with 7 seconds left in the game. They also left us a score of 42-6. The points were brought home by Geri P-26, Betty-Ann S-10, Marlene A-4 and B.J. B-2.

The game between the Angels and the Globetrotters left a score of 46-8 for the Angels. Baskets were made by Geri P-26, Betty-Ann S-12 and Marlene A-8.

The three top scorers on the Angels are Geri P with a total of 162 points, Betty-Ann S with a total of 70 and Marlene A running close with 45 points. With the semi-finals approaching, these scores will soon be altered.

On the Angels there are as forwards:

Geri P (Captain) - Still on the top with scoring and going strong. She's good on the long shots and man can she steal the ball.

Betty Ann S - Fast on the break-away and holding on for top points. Too bad you have to leave us cause we'll miss you. Good Luck.

Marlene A (Asst. Captain) - Holding close to the top, also with a good scoring record. She is a good and an aggressive player.

Diana V - Get's right in there and plays well. She has a good jump and knows her stuff.

Nancy W-A - Another good forward who also plays as a guard. She's fun to play with and nice to have as a team member.

The guards include:

Marcella L - First string guard who has really got a jump on the rebounds.
Terry G - Has come a long way from her famous football tackle to a soft basketball check. Keep up the good work, Terry.
Jude G - As I'm writing this for the team, the less said the better. I only know I enjoy being part of the team.
B.J. B - "Big Jump" B.J. has really got it put together both the jump and in defending the basket.
Lise P - A little girl with a big mind for a game she plays. She puts all she's got into her position.
Nirvana G - Plays her position well and you can depend on her.
Gail G - Making a fine comeback from an ankle injury. Keep it up.

Also right in there with the team is Carol Y. and Louise P. doing an excellent job at timing and score keeping. The Angels' coaches Kay Charbonneau and Claudette LaFrance are behind the team all the way--coaching, encouraging and the best all-around coaches the Angels could hope for. This shows in team cooperation as they took on a majority of rookies and helped them become A-1 players. They have put together a team that is hard to beat and are good sports. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK ANGELS!!

Many thanks to the spedtators that come and cheer us on.

PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST
An Autobiography and Selected Works

By Rose Wu

By Kraus Wm.
KISS OF JUDA 1917.

This may not be a happy or entertaining narrative, but a real one, of its joys and sorrows you will share. Sometimes I only hope to explain myself; whoever and whatever included are only because it is inevitable, without any ill intention. People make society and are in turn affected.

People who have never been in prison and only obtain ideas from movie stories can form false conceptions. Then, one prison is different from another. One can only speak for one's self and one's surroundings. Do not reject anyone because he or she has been or is doing time in prison. Take a person for what that person really is. There may be people who are perfectly good characters living a life close to despair through no fault of their own. Does the public know that their fate is linked to them directly?

Sometimes I sit in my room here in the Prison for Women, Kingston, Canada wondering why I am here. Didn't I always just want to do some nice art work, be an artist or art teacher and make surroundings beautiful? I am always willing to work full time; and never cared to get rich. How did I ever get here? I look far back to the days when I was only a youth studying in high school. I spent a lot of time drawing after nature and masterworks. Tnen I studied for a short time in a studio and obtained some very helpful instructions for drawing and painting people (face and postures), still life and landscapes. I completed enough ink and brush drawings, and oil paintings to open a one woman exhibition one year after I finished high school. I was noted and well commended by the art circle there, and they encouraged me to pursue an art career: "There's fine art; art teaching; interior decorating; fabric design; commercial art; architecture. The society is badly in need of these talents and skills, you are bound to succeed in one of these," they said.

I went to Paris and later London to study painting and sculpture. There, many people were enthusiastic with art and culture. I learnt most from art museums and exhibits. The beauty of these good works never cease to enchant. I often wonder why I cannot find too much art work nowadays comparable to those. My art study in Paris and London lasted only two to three years, as I was very short of funds. I went back to Hong Kong and taught art to high school students. They did some very original art work which I was really proud of. I chose their best works in fours years, to open a school art exhibition. Unfortunately, the public was not yet conscious of the significance. Maybe one of the reasons was that Hong Kong has a large population and is constantly occupied with economic problems; maybe they were not quite ready for these original ideas.

I thought I should gain more experience in life and produce some art work of my own. So I came to Canada in 1967 amidst a big call for immigrants from all parts of the world. I paid my way and came to Toronto with a small savings. It was impossible for anyone to make a living as a creative artist in a short time. So, I started by working in restaurants. This kept on for a few years. The most notable kitchen and dining room I worked in was the Granite Club in Toronto. Gradually I became so interested in food service that I actually completed a one year chef training course in George Brown College of Technology in Toronto while working part time. I learnt the traits of culinary art. I know what constitutes fine painting and sculpture. I was sure I could make something out of these.

I was then introduced to a small ceramic studio where amateurs could make some clay work and have them fired. I made a few dishes and plaques with sculptural reliefs in many colors. They were quite noted and a few were bought. Then my health seemed to fail, though I kept on working, I fell sick. This recurred, there were other disappointments, I felt very depressed and had thoughts of suicide. Strange to say, I could not get any pills from the pharmacy to achieve this. So I thought I might let the police shoot me by "robbing" a bank. On the 4th of April, 1972 I went into a bank at one of the centres of Toronto and demanded the manager to give me two thousand, five hundred dollars. He gave out the money. I left the bank and was caught up within a few minutes in the nearest subway station and shot in the left leg by a plainclothes policeman. No one else was hurt. I was taken to the nearest hospital to be treated. The lower part of my left femur was shattered. It took me over six months of bed rest before I could start limping. To this day, over three years later I can't walk or run as well as an ordinary person.

In court I explained my case, and that I had never been convicted of an offense. The judge deemed it a dangerous act and sentenced me to life imprisonment.

In Prison

Once in prison, I accepted the fact of confinement; the lack of materials which I never had much. I began to concentrate in art work, more so than I could before. Strange to note, the inside of the prison does not look like a prison at all, especially the offices, school and dining room. The staff, both male and female employed and all the inmates are not required to wear uniform. The inmates can even wear pajamas in the living quarters. Only custodial officers wear a suit-type uniform. Security is very high. There are usually double doors with bars at every exit and carefully watched. A high wall surrounds the prison buildings. The prison holds about a hundred and twenty inmates, more or less. The staff could be thirty to fifty in number.

On arrival, each inmate is assigned to one of the following departments: school; sewing; kitchen and dining room; hairdressing; laundry; and cleaning. These service and maintain the inmates, the prison (and the staff luncheon). Therefore, the work load is light; work hours from 8:30 - 11:15 a.m. and from

1:00 to 4:00 p.m.; about six hours per day, Monday through Friday. Inmates can apply for work change after sometime.

On arrival to the prison, I was suitably assigned to the school; as I always wash my clothes; cut my hair; sew my own clothes and we all clean our own rooms. The kitchen is a favorite department for many inmates so I do not want to take up a place there. In school, the inmate students can choose their subjects and grades to study through correspondence courses. There are three to four male and female teachers to help. If the courses are followed seriously they can increase their education to grade twelve in many subjects. I myself had completed high school and enough vocational training so I devoted myself to drawing and painting in the first few months. After so many months of suffering in the hospital and the holding prison waiting trial, I felt a relief in the school. I did some nice pencil and oil pastel drawings of studies of people, flowers, horses and boats mostly of realistic style. Then I wrote a few short poems about myself and my past life, such as "Being An Artist" and "Chef-Student Souvenir."

At this time a preparation for a pottery workshop was announced. Inmates were asked to join. I got a small amount of clay and started first. (As four or five months went by before the workshop was set up in a "Little House" on the lawn yard). With help from a book and a few tools, I worked by myself. I was really happy when I first succeeded in making up a cup, a jug and later on soup bowls, vase, fruit dishes, tea pot, decanters, various types of wares and shapes which I drew up. My techniques of moulding also developed. I did not use any potter's wheel as none was available for frequent practice. Within a few months, from August, 1973 to April, 1974 I completed more than thirty different original wares. One of the principles I respect in ceramic art is that a ware should be useful and pleasing in shape. I do not think many readers would go through chapters of aesthetic discussion or argument, rather let them have a glimpse at some of the wares I have created. Apart from the shape, one can also add to its appearance with sculptural reliefs and coloring, painting.

Brief Description of Ceramic Making Process

1. Design and make the ware in clay.

2. a. Carve relief on ware if wanted. Relief and texture can also be added to ware when it is still wet, by using soft clay.

   b. Paint on patterns or drawings (when dry) with underglaze, a color chemical.

   c. Or, cover ware with overglaze. Overglaze is a color chemical that seals and protects the ware, rendering it stronger and water proof.

2. Fire or harden the wares by a long heating process for hours, up to about 1600°.

3. Those wares fired with underglaze colors the first time should be refired with a coat of translucent overglaze on it.

Very fine original pottery can be produced this way. When a fine ware is made, one often wishes to have several of the same. For example, a number of cups for a set, or reproductions of a masterpiece. This can be achieved by making a plaster mould; then slip or fluid clay is poured into the mould to obtain copies. Even factories employ the same method for mass production. To see if I could make reproductions of my favorite ones, I made four moulds: one bowl, one wine cup, one coffee mug, and one jug. Naturally they all work fine as I predicted. The hardening process used to be one that may pose some problem or differentiate quality. That is a hundred years ago. Nowadays the quality of glazes is highly purified and refined; and the heat distribution and intensity of electric kilns of various sizes are very highly regulated such that fine quality products are just about guaranteed as long as the necessary heat and timetable is followed. That is why we can buy functional pottery at low prices. Though the design may not be attractive, the material quality is quite lasting.

It is interesting to note that pottery could be, in fact, has been a group effort; such that each of the above mentioned processes could be accomplished by different workers, some moulding, others reproducing. I knew a potter who produced her own work in a little studio and made a living. Some interesting ceramic products are made by cooperative workshops effected by small teams. In the old days there were artists and craftsmen who painted decorative patterns on pottery all their lives; while others moulded, worked on the wheel, trimmed, polished and fired the pots.

I must say that pottery work and study interested me tremendously and occupied my time and attention fully. I learnt a lot through reading a few good books from our school library. My previous understanding of esthetics and dexterity in painting and sculpture make it possible for me to develop a ware to some elaboration and refinement. The production of some fine pottery is inevitable except that the glazes were very badly spoiled. I don't know how this came about. I am afraid that it will be sometime before this obstacle can be surpassed. It is estimated that the good designs when taken to reproduction, will be of tremendous market value.

It is relevant to mention what the program might mean to other inmates. I think that many people, given some instructions, are capable of making some pottery. At present, the program offers a six week afternoon course. For six inmates at a time. By comparison to one year or four year courses in art colleges, this appears rather short. The talents and dexterity the inmate may have in clay work would be discovered, not necessarily developed. I wish them the best of luck.

I refrain from describing or commenting on other inmates. I can only mention a few things that conditioned my stay in prison. I cannot expect much friendship from them as most inmates count their days on getting out as soon as they get here. Few are interested in intellectual conversation. Though the making and selling of all kinds of arts and crafts are permitted by law. The fact is none too publicized and there is no regular agency to handle or organize this. So, after supper, most people just sit leisurely, play cards, go to the gymnasium or the lawn (in summer). Nobody ever talks about the process of their offences, caught or not, as no one is interested. So, there is no such thing as "squealing." Some major concerns are making phone calls (permitted once a month), seeing their visitors, getting out on parole. I give up the illusion of friendship from those who behave inconsistently. There are some whose minds are never here; but many miles and months away, yet travelling on and on.

Sometimes I sit back and close my eyes. I see in my mind many actors and actresses passing before me in many little trivial and unspirited sequences, as in plays. One thing that inhibits me is slander and scandal. I heard that one inmate who behaved perfectly and was always friendly and congenial to others was framed for having extraordinary feelings for them. I remember a friend of mine once said that overlapping and editing photographic techniques can put two people changing clothes in two different rooms together in one photograph or even movie. I only hope that no one would credit photographs as evidence of crime or immorality as these could be completely false. It is better if someone asks a question directly than assume a fact or believe in lurid stories. It is better to discuss a subject than to avoid it.

"Are there problems of homosexuality in this prison?" one may ask. I would say no more than there is in society, if any. It is certainly not flagrant, though a lot of noise and show is built on it. No fight or quarrel originates from this. But, sometimes it is used as a dirty word to throw at somebody. There are likely more important homosexual persons in society than prison inmates, who live in a monosexual area, some for months some for years; separated or divorced; some have had very bad experiences with men. The "moralist" who attacks homosexuality violently as ugly or injurious must realize and admit that it is at least not as harmful to any citizen as assault or other forms of violence; and that it is often merely a passing or transitory phenomnon due to environmental and/or psychological problems. The true danger of punishing so-called homosexuals lies in the possible mistake of punishing harmless citizens who may have been framed as a means of defamation. Homosexual relationships between consenting adults in private is now passed as legal in Britain and Canada, in society, I think partially as a result of some infamous blackmail cases which could have been fraudulent. I myself reject whatever suggestions or invitations simply because I am not attracted to females. I do not mind an intelligent conversation, but I find it annoying if women try to get close to me. I certainly do not want to be framed and punished, this being

ruled as illegal in prison.

When I reflect on the years I have lived, I feel both happy and sad. I am happy for knowing the good people I have met; for seeing the beauty of nature, even creatures like birds and flowers, for being able to produce the artwork I did. But I am also very sad over the difficult years I had lived, working so hard to learn about life and art; yet without being able to produce amply and completely the art work I have started. Why is this? Do people know that I have done all the artwork for them? Do they know that good art means something to their life? Do they know if life has any meaning? Or do they not even care?

One time, someone told me that he was tired of everything (problems) and he had too many worries. He didn't want to think or believe in anything, neither did he care what's right or wrong. He just wanted to pass his time easily and comfortably without much effort. I feel sorry or concerned for people like him or her. I could only ask:

"ARE YOU GIVING UP ETERNITY FOR THE MOMENT?"

BEING AN ARTIST

Often immersed in reveries of visions
Of people and nature so intricate
And the magic a brush or pen can make
On a paper with colour in all the shades
Thus I devoted my years to make
Pictures to enchant and to impress
The minds of all the lively crowds
To Paris and London I went to find
The key to a visual art that brings
The past to present and the west to east
The art of Greece in search for perfection
The range and depth of human feelings
And all its physical descriptions
The science of colour and composition
Its details and technical traits
Must be brought to the eastern scene
The art of east has its greatness
But leaned too often on things of nature
And limits in medium, form and texture
Leaving the human face too serene
The people must be the pictorial theme
With their varied lives and passions

Now that I have come to Canada
I send home regards and tidings
That wherever I go
I'm still working on the same idea
Depicting the facets of human nature
In portraits and scene of varied themes
I care not to acquire academic honours
Ss long as the people like the art
Have lots of time to draw and read
Then my efforts can adorn the world around!

CHEF-STUDENT SOUVENIR

We were a very happy group
With laughter and technical books
We started with simple things
Such as skills with cutting tools
Oven, mixers, grinders and slicers
To make food in proper sizes
Learned of soups, sauces and other courses
To bake, to fry, to roast, and braise
Fish or lamb or beef or pork
Dishes with names so exotic
Sweets and pastries are as rich
With pies, cakes, fruits and creams
It was such a jolly time
Learning to make the food you all desire

SCRUPLES

Don't think that you'll gain
By selling goods for prices double
'Cause the principles that are sold
Will make you pay back triple!

AN UNDERSTANDING OF CHRISTIANITY

There is only one Christ
And he has played his role
He put the Christ in us
To be both kind and strong

THE HUMAN LINK

By Rose Wu

You see and hear too often,
"That is what people want"
But that's only words some people throw about
Ask a person what she really likes
You might learn the truth

Please don't tell me what "people" want
Because you are not the people
You're only yourself, one single person
Better just say what you think and want

Life is precious and beautiful
It's sad to see you wasting on vain beliefs
Seeming to be "people" instead of being human
Hurting the good folks with false concept

State your need in spirit and matter
Then you may have a chance of obtaining
Do only what you know is truly for our best
Then none of us would fall through by mishap

THE LIVING NATURE
By Rose Wu

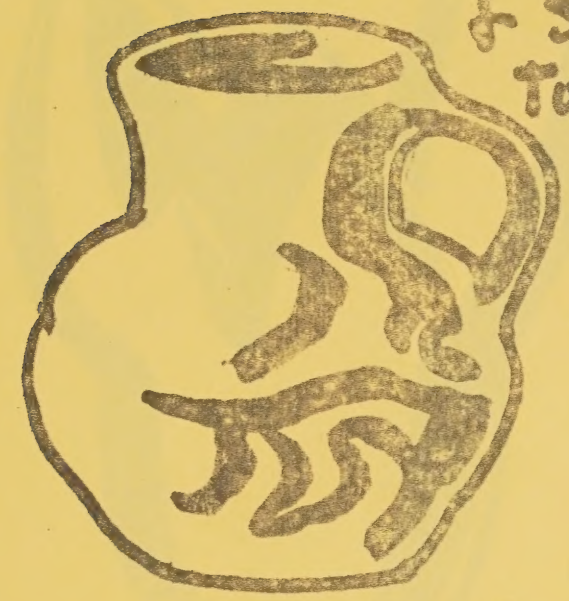
In nature, everything is beautiful
There's light and growth
Look at the trees, the flowers
The birds and the bees
The fresh air and sunshine
The seasons come and go

Once we step indoors
We feel that constriction
That smog
That stiffness
The grind of routines
People look at each other
Leary and Weary
Trying to say things that fit
Say things that catches
People strain to conform
Not expressing themselves
Or doing what they like to

All the regrets of living without having yet lived

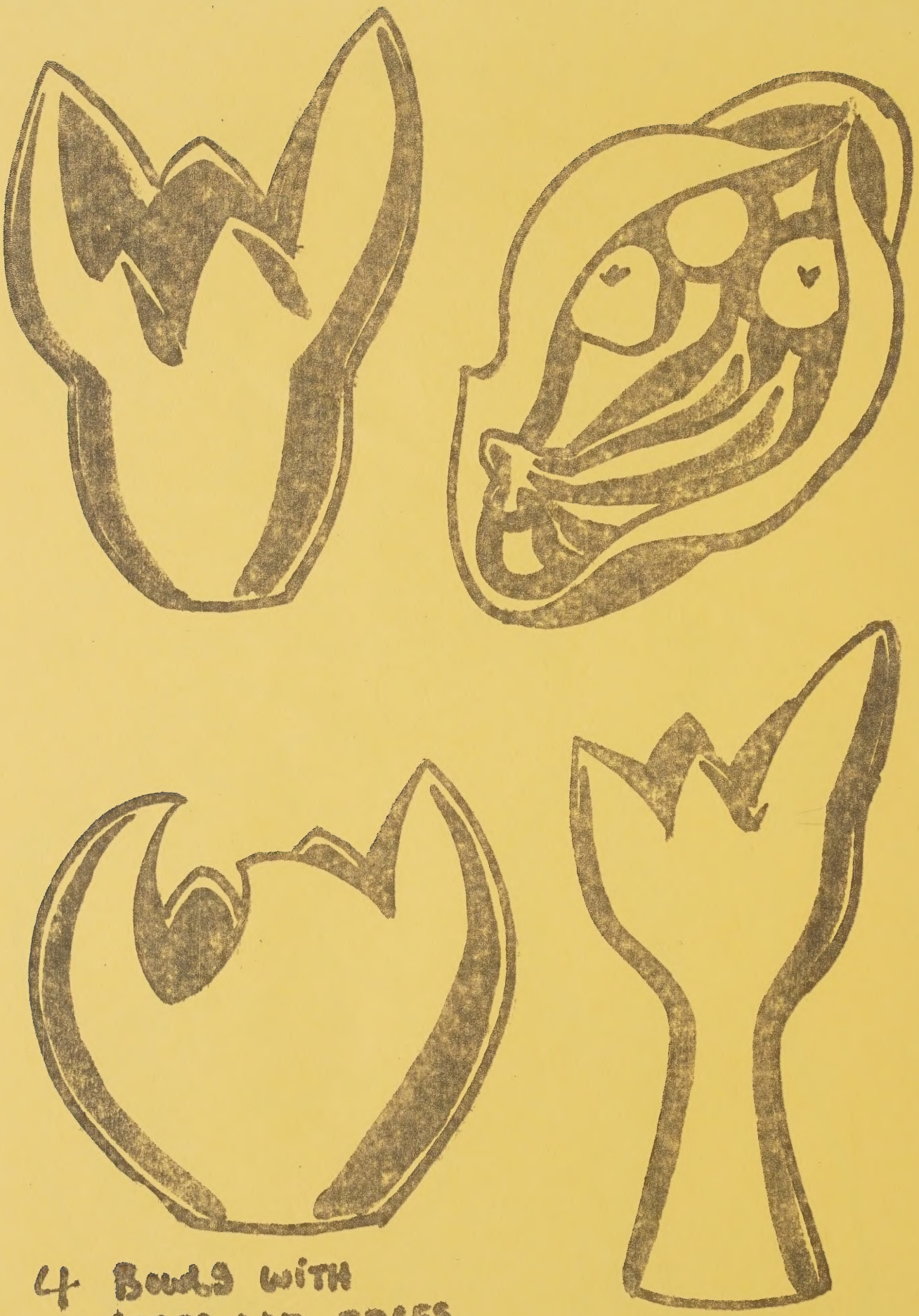
Regard life!
Attach to people!
Appreciate good nature!
Affirm friendly communion!

COFFEE MUGS & SCULPTURES ON

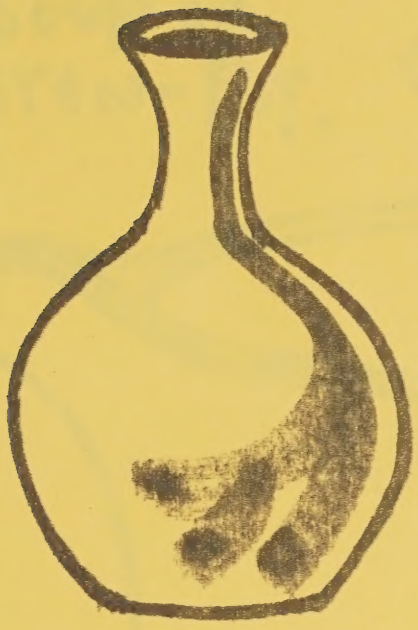


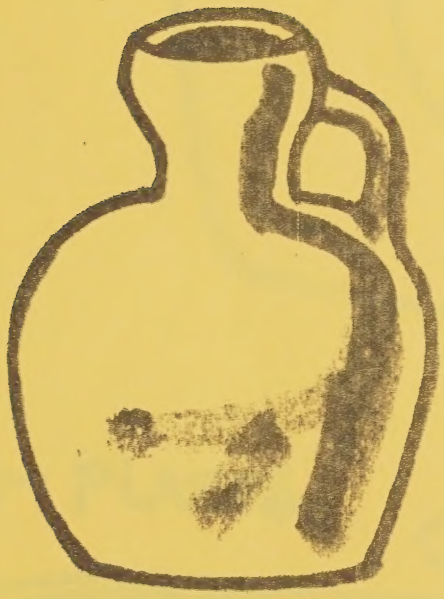
A COFFEE POT

A DECORATIVE & FUNCTIONAL JUG.



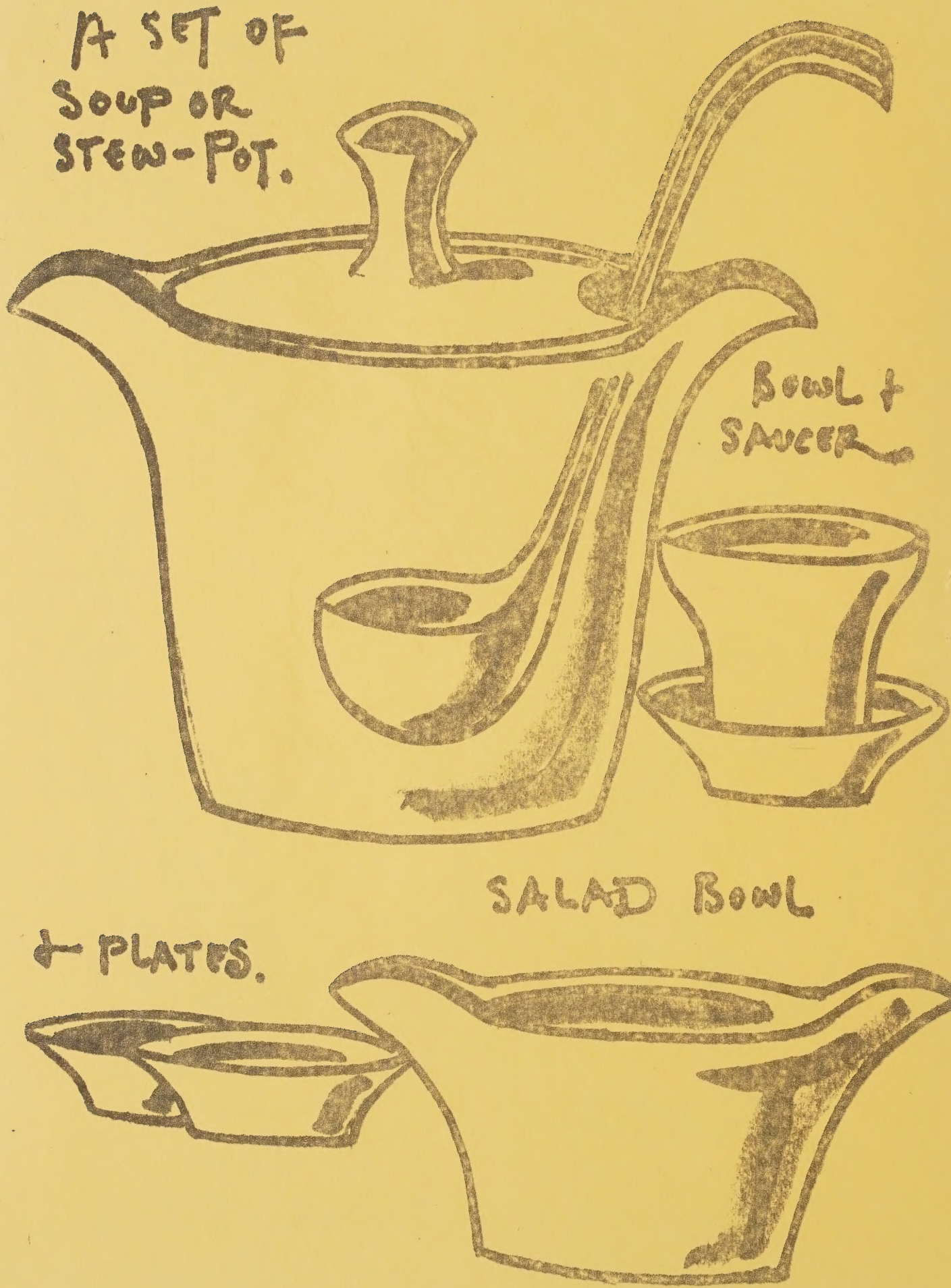
4 Bowls with
irregular edges.





2 FLASKS

A JUG
SUPER-SIZED.


A SET OF
SOUP OR
STEW-POT.
BOWL &
SAUCER
SALAD BOWL
& PLATES.

THE GIRL AND THE MAGICIAN

A girl is watching the magician. He has a box with many pictures. Every-time he turns the switch a new picture pops in view. The girl, eager to learn about life, looks inside the box as the magician turns the switch. What do you see now?

"I see an enormous engine with wheels full of spokes and cogs and men and women running below and around trying to keep it working and the engine is fabricating cans and cylinders, cones and phones, planes and frames and a lot of other things." Now they pause for lunch. The engine suddenly turns back and perversely, and look! The people are caught by their clothes, they are dragged and spun around by the engine. It's whirling around so fast they couldn't think or say anything...

And the engine keeps swirling faster and faster till everyone's out of breath... STOP! the girl pleads. But, the magician has left the stage collecting donations from the crowd. The girl turns the switch, hoping to find a better picture.

Now she sees a meadow in summertime, the grass is long with nature born flowers, growing freely. Birds flying and singing chirp, chirp, chirp. A little boy and a little girl run to the meadow, dances, somersaults and laughs. The girl is happy and begins to laugh with them.

The magician returns and turns the switch sharply. Another picture shows up. The girl screams---------she sees a dark blue night when the moon isn't bright. Ominous clouds hang over the earth and nothing is in clear sight. Evil winds sweep up and down with little devils drifting along in mid-air. They wear a wane smile and half-closed eyes; they have fingers with long nails and tiny heads with no tails. They float and blow the evil spirits all about. Then she sees men and women lying in a state of lethargy, suffering and squirming. She thought she saw the inferno. She cries, "I don't want this, I want to see something nice."

She snatches the handle from the grip of the magician and pulls it hard, the picture splits open at the top and a flock of red and blue parrots and woodpeckers fly out swarming the tent, breaking through to the country side.

WAY OF LIFE
By Rose Wu

Here we stand
A sane and healthy being
Never sure of the world far away
Only they can resolve on their destiny

We only know the work we do
The understanding and sympathy we have
The lies and malice we reject
The care and concern we have for people

Thank the merchants for their goods
But their offers we can't pay for today
Because their products may not please us
When tomorrow does come by

In the road of uncertainty
There is sometimes the fear of harm
But which has always existed
Since the very day of birth

The present life must be lived properly
In regard to each person's needs
Both of the mind and of the body
With responsibility to others

Death is often weighed against life
Therefore must be fought in relevance
In defense of human goals and rights
With courage and in defiance

Here we are, in communion with one another
Knowing the human needs and aspirations
Only in trying to realize these
Can we truly live and not in vain

WHEN TWO BECOME ONE
(Lover's Refusal to Salary Raises For Working
Single in Two Different Cities)

When two become ONE
Try not to divide
We know each other well
And chose to be one
Healthy and compatible
We shall have children
Give us no false excuses
Company need of transference
Of salary raises or dismissals
Is it for jealousy, hatred or malice?
We have too much in common
To consider such offers or stunts
Our understanding and compassion
Is above all jargons and baits
Remove the evil barriers
And stop splitting up apart
We'll stay together as one
Or quit your little store.

THE REALITY AND THE ABSTRACT

Sometimes I think it's too noisy here
With these people drinking heavy
I want to hear what they think
But they seem to run after the drinks

Sometimes I hear them swearing "love"
A pretense to chase the girls to bed
Next time I look they're older and paler
Still playing riddles with blank words

And the music plays on.....
Giddy with colours and flare
We drink musing, watching the watery patterns
The sparkling lights in the dark with new and old faces

Thinking of our youth and glorious plans
So bright and fair but evaded by hideous blocks
Somehow the works fell through
Though all the lofty words were used.

I THINK IT IS ENOUGH
(A Few Lines on Sincerity and Modesty)

I think it is enough
That you and I understand
As a friend
That should go deeper than you think

Sometimes I think you'd like to touch my hand
To show that you care
But it's hardly necessary
"Cause whenever you do I'll know

It's good to feel the human warmth
And all the other blessings
But be sure it's genuine
Or it'll hurt too much to bear

I know there are such things
As wine and delicious foods
With the rest of the trimmings
The sights and sounds of cities

Or scenic wonders of the world
That may enchant the senses for a while
But all these put together
Are not worth half as much

As the joy in making and building
Objects of worth and beauty
As the unity of human progress
And the peace and pleasures of the mind

IN THE PARK

It was the beginning of spring
First shedding the winter clothes
Breathing the fresh air without a quiver
The light breeze on the face
Wakened a joyous reunion with nature
The scent of the grass
And with moisture on my feet
I saw a few birdies flew
From tree to tree
Whose branches budded with light green leaves
So soft, so tender
With living translucence
The sky was light blue
With a few clouds floating by
Boys frolicked across the lawn
Drinking from the fountain sprout
Washing their hands and splashing
Happy with thoughtless laughter
An old man at the bench
Smoking a pipe, read his paper
At peace with the world
Which seems to spin so fast
As I walked through the park
The landscape changed slightly in contour
The paths wind and met in parts
Some folks passed me by
Were they full of worries?
Or, like me, with a little song in my heart.

PAST TRAVELS

I have travelled through parts of the world
Seen some of the good places
Where there's food and drinks to spare
And things in pretty forms and colours

But nice clothes and comforts have I shunned
As superficial, hoping to live
A life that's meaningful
With its joys and achievements

Then I met some people who had cried
Till their tears went dry
Some with a wane face, an empty smile
Searching for love, with little success

Some drunk with beer and wine
Where the people around
In active bustle, hailed each other
Their voices blurred in the din

Men who had worked the day
Hesitating to go home
To face the four walls
Or an unpleasant wife

Young women in neat attire
Resting after work over coffee
Who seldom stopped to think
"Why and what for this existence?"

I was destined, like it or not
To see both rich and poor
The hardships have not crumbled me
But made me more human than before

When you look at me
You see a reflection
When you read my words
You know that I write for you.

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